


The
Colonial
Echo



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The Colonial Echo

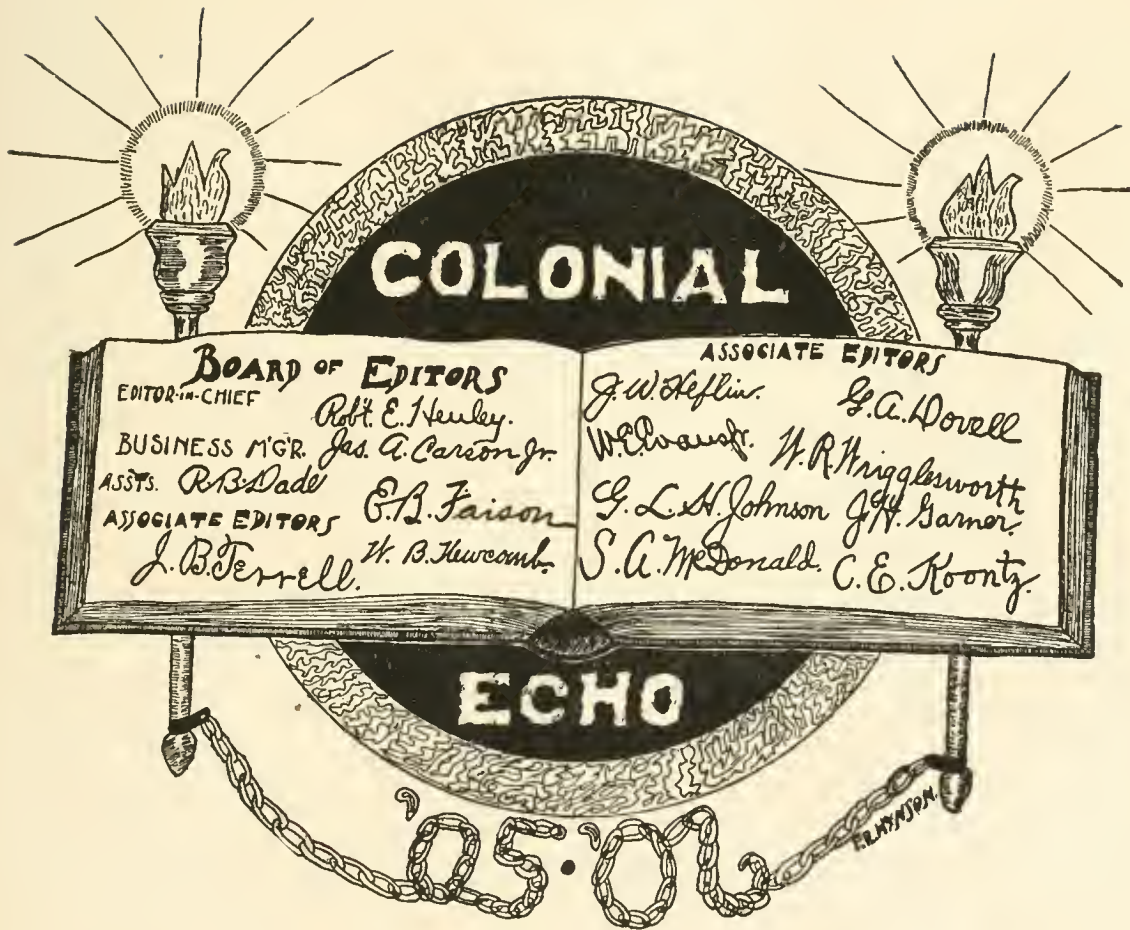
*Published by the Students
of the
College of William and Mary
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA*

Nineteen Hundred and Six

LYNCHBURG, VA.:

J. P. BELL COMPANY, MANUFACTURING STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

1906.





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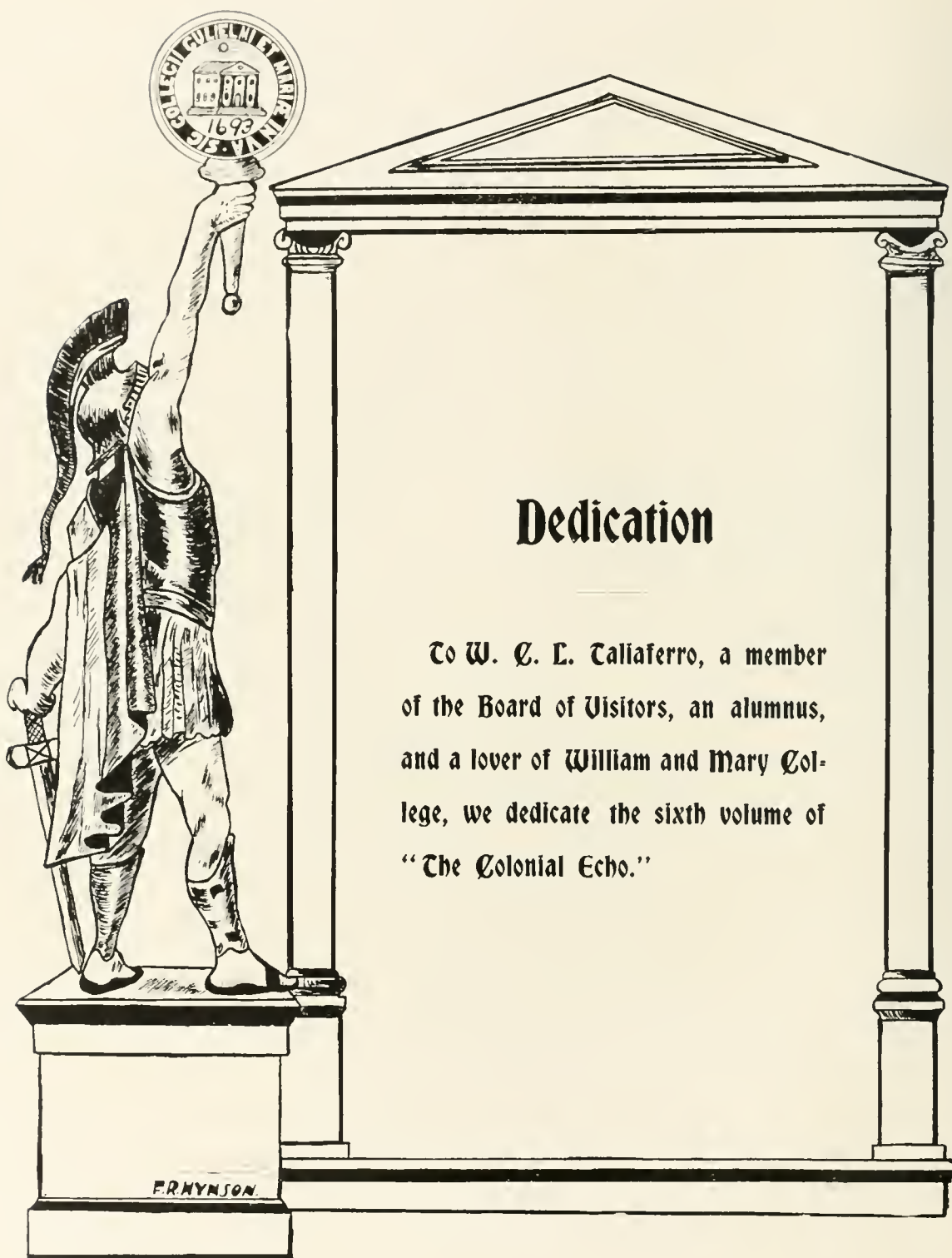
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Dedication

To W. C. L. Taliaferro, a member
of the Board of Visitors, an alumnus,
and a lover of William and Mary Col-
lege, we dedicate the sixth volume of
"The Colonial Echo."



W. C. L. TALIAFERRO.

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GREETING

If this, the sixth volume of "The Colonial Echo," gives a true picture of the life at William and Mary; if it will later in life's battle carry you back to the scene of some joyful occasion, or draw out one long sigh of cherished sadness at the memory of a lost happy day, it has fully accomplished its purpose. We aimed at nothing higher, and hoped for nothing less.

We are glad to have this opportunity of thanking those who have so kindly assisted us in making this book what it is. To Dr. Hall, and Messrs. John Weymouth, J. S. Wilson, A. R. W. Mackreth, O. L. Shewmake, W. L. Davidson, L. C. Lindsley, and many others, we are deeply indebted for the literary matter. We also wish to gratefully acknowledge our appreciation of the contributions made the art department, being under special obligations to Prof. Crawford, Misses Tyler, Geddy and McEnery, and Messrs. Hynson and Ransome.

We thank all others, everybody; yes, even those who only lent their faces, for it takes all to make an annual.

THE BOARD.

GREETING





VIEW OF CAMPUS FROM NORTHWEST.



VIEW OF CAMPUS FROM SOUTH.

College of William and Mary

FOUNDATION.

The College of William and Mary is in its antecedents the oldest of American colleges; in actual operation it is second only to Harvard. The project of a college for Virginia was agitated as early as 1617, three years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. An Indian massacre put a stop to this enterprise, but after many years the original intention was finally consummated in the college established at Middle Plantation (now Williamsburg) in 1693, and named in honor of the ruling monarchs, King William and Queen Mary.

PRIORITIES.

It is the only College that received its charter direct from the Crown of England, and the only one that received its coat of arms from the College of Heralds in London. It was the first College in the United States to have a full Faculty of Professors (1729); the first to adopt the Lecture System (1758); the first to establish the Elective and Honor Systems (1779); the first to widen its scope into that of a University (1779); the first to establish Chairs of Municipal and Constitutional Law (1779), Modern Languages (1779), Political Economy (1779), History (1803); the first to organize a Greek Letter Intercollegiate Fraternity, the Phi Beta Kappa Society; and the first to award gold medals as Collegiate prizes, donated by Lord Botetourt in 1771.

MAKING OF THE UNION.

The alumni of the College exerted more influence on the making of the Union than the alumni of any other institution. Richard Bland was the first to announce in a pamphlet that American was no part of the Kingdom of England, and was only united with it by the common tie of the Crown (1766). Dabney Carr was the patron of the resolutions for the appointment of committees of intercolonial correspondence (1773). Peyton Randolph was the first president of the Continental Congress (1774). Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence (1776). John Tyler, Sr., carried through the Virginia Legislature the proposition for the convention at Annapolis (1786). Edmund Randolph opened the proceedings at Philadelphia by submitting "the Virginia plan" (1787). Geo. Washington, though not an alumnus, received from the College his first public office of surveyor, and his last as Chancellor of the Institution.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNION.

Of the seven Presidents of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Tyler were educated at William

and Mary. To these men is to be ascribed the annexation of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and most of the western territory, thus trebling the original area of the Union. The most illustrious of the chief Justices, John Marshall, was an alumnus, and so was the most distinguished commander of the Federal army down to 1861, General Winfield Scott. In the period from 1789 to 1861 the College furnished sixteen out of twenty-seven senators from Virginia, three out of four speakers of the House of Representatives from Virginia, two out of the three ministers plenipotentiary to England, four out of the six ministers to France; and John James Beckley, first Librarian of Congress, and first clerk of the House of Representatives was a William and Mary man.

HISTORY FROM 1783-1865.

By the results of the Revolutionary war the College was left with little property but its lands, amounting to about 20,000 acres in different parts of the State. These were sold and an endowment fund was realized of about \$150,000, by means of which, with fees, the College was supported till 1861. During the war the main College building was burned by some disorderly Federal troops, and most of the Endowment Fund was lost.

PRESENT STATE.

For many years after the war the College was in a very crippled condition, but in 1888 the State formed a connection with it, and it is now in a more prosperous condition than it ever was. The Endowment Fund has been raised from about \$20,000, all that remained after the war, to \$134,000, yielding an interest of \$5,700. The College receives in addition the annual sum of \$35,000 from the State of Virginia, on condition of its keeping up, in connection with the regular Collegiate Course, a course of Normal Instruction and Training. All the old buildings have been restored, and there have been added an Infirmary, a Dormitory, a Gymnasium, and a Science Hall. The College is also equipped with electric lights and artesian well water. The largest attendance in the annals of the Institution, at any time before the late war, was about 140, but the attendance this session is nearly double this figure. The faculty consists of a President, eight full Professors, one Adjunct Professor, one Physical Director, one Principal of the Model School, and eight instructors. It has classes in American History, Political Economy, Civil Government, English Literature, General History, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Education, Natural Science, Chemistry, Biology, Drawing, Manual Arts, Psychology, Logic, and Ethics.

Board of Visitors

To Take Office June 13, 1906

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President.

MASTERS OR PROFESSORS IN THE ORDER OF OFFICIAL SENIORITY.

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Adjunct Professor of Greek, French and German.

MISS NANNIE C. DAVIS,

Assistant Professor of Education and Principal of the Model School.

J. MERRILL BLANCHARD,

Physical Director.



FACULTY.



FACULTY.



FACULTY PUZZLE.

Omar for the Alumnus

1.

Lo, night hath dropped her sable wings once more,
As several thousand times she's 'done before;
And Revellers gather in the Banquet Hall,
To swap the ancient *bon mots* known of yore.

2.

From far and near come devotees to sit,
And listen to what passeth well for Wit;
Wit once mayhap, but now the Yellow Leaf —
Yet fresh, full-blooming, dull, no, not a *whit*.

3.

Far from the Happy Days when we did con
Those queer-shaped, ugly marks of *Xenophon*,
When Horace caused our Heads to sadly burn,
And General Cæsar day by day marched on.

4.

And when great Julius had passed in review
Old Euclid would appear with something new;
Bran-new to me, yet old as are the stars —
To bring his own fresh Heartaches not a few.

5.

How well do I recall those ancient days,
When Doctor Wharton sang his Roman lays,
As seated on our Ponies we did ride
To victory or to Death — 'twas but a graze.

6.

Or seated in Professor Stubbs's Pew,
With boards of black and Metric Charts in view;
Just after one short slumbrous Dinner Hour,
To hear him say—"So you are flunking too?"

7.

Or up in Dr. Tyler's room, where hold
The Sages and Philosophers of old—
Where Syllogisms trod their solemn March,
Oh, all that glistens brightly is not Gold.

8.

A Book of Horace underneath the Tree,
With Senior Math., and French enough for Three —
All buzzing through a much beclouded Brain,
Oh, sawing wood were Paradise for me!

9.

Some say that Learning is a dangerous thing
When taken in small sips from that great Spring,
But if the Masters want to make you drink,
Why, go ahead and let them have their fling,—

10.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, I
Have always said this maxim should apply;
But why on earth did *Livy* ever live,
And why should *Epicurus* ever die?

11.

Some things there are of which you've never heard,
As *De* guiding truant pupils who have erred;
Some twigs are bent the way that Trees incline,—
For information see Professor Bird.

12.

Do you recall how we chased X and Y?
And caught them not as swift the hours did fly?
How we retired to bed but not to Sleep—
And morning came and still no X and Why?

13.

Those Anglo-Saxon phrases that we met
Which Dr. Hall said mark, lest we'd forget—
Oh, ofttimes in the night I now wake up,
And faney *Grendel* grinning at me yet.

14.

A rainy day, a splashing on the Pane,
A sweetly solemn thought for home again;
Full forty pages—Parallel to sean—
A fervid wish for Castles tall in Spain.

15.

A Dance the night before; a sleepy Soul —
A thought to wake when first the Bell did toll —
Sleep on, Beloved, while as yet 'tis day —
And thus we miss the calling of the Roll.

16.

'Tis ten years full since I skipped down the Path
Of Senior Ped. and Chemistry and Math.,
But what I know of them has come to Naught—
Who hath but little shall lose What he hath.

17.

I know that H two, S O Four, is One —
And H two O we partly live upon —
But two per cent. would cover all I Know
Of what Lavoisier's lived and breathed and done.

18.

The theorem Binomial's passed away,
And how to pay the Grocer has its Day;
Sic labores jucundi—that is all—
And hustle marks the action of the Play.

19.

I know not whether Socrates or Noah
First sailed to find this beauteous Western Shore,
Le roi est mort; and *Vive le roi*, Hurrah —
And thus doth pass away what's gone before.

20.

I tried to think a bit on yesterday
Of what Professor Garrett used to say; —
But all that I remember of his Talk,
"Is Mr. Pleasants siek again to-day?"

21.

Ich used to know some German bits forsoot',
That Doctor Bishop taught me in my Yout'
About a little *Mädchen's schönsten* eyes—
But *das ist* gone und mehr of it to Boot.

22.

Je used to think that French was rather gay,
Je read the *petit chanson's* in Super—
But it is *comme il faut* to say that now
I order *pommes de terre* and *consommé*.

23.

I used to know that rhyme of *Barbara*
Which Aristotle told to Potiphar—
Ah, memory's attic now is full of such—
And friends don't ask, but wonder where they are.

24.

I wonder if the Dining Hall's the Place
It was as when I ran my crooked Race,
For Headaches come and go and come again,
And indigestion follows on Apace.

25.

I wonder if they sing those same old Tunes,
And have as Inspiration those same Moons;
Oh, who would not a joyful Student be,
Along about the waning of the *Junes*?

26.

We struggled on and boned a bit each Day—
We mixed a pleasant living, work and Play;
And if perchance we flunked, why save the Mark—
They sent us to the Doctor right away.

27.

We toiled and worried till oft after Three—
And met the Dawn with Head-a-c-h-e;
It mattered not, for all the folks at Home
Were telling we were going to take A. B.

28.

A. B. perhaps, and yet, some flew the track;
Because the Faculty *would have us* back —
Or bad, brown eyes, so fatal to Degrees —
Who would not be a victim for the Rack?

29.

Were those days sad? I ask of each one here,—
Were trials such as youth should ever fear?
We flourished as the lilies of the field,
And wandered through the roses year by year.

—JOHN WEYMOUTH.

Post Graduates

J. A. CARSON.

Known as "Kit," and "Brainy Jim."

Origin—Picked up by a tourist in South Carolina after an earthquake—the only proof that we have that savages inhabited that country in prehistoric days.

Achievements—Graduated from Clemson College in '99; entered the "Dne" class here in '00; author of "Table Etiquette at Spencer's Boarding Hall."

Local Habitat—First floor Taliaferro Building, and transient visitor at H. K. A. House.

"Why then do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?"



J. N. HILLMAN.

J. N. HILLMAN.

Known as "Noah," "Professor," and "Ethel."

Origin—Was discovered in one of the pyramids of Egypt in a mummified state; was brought to this country by Dr. Wharton as a relic, and has since almost recovered completely from his long sleep under the influence of a pair of blue eyes.

Achievements—We trust we will have more to say under this head in our next issue.

Local Habitat—That depends on h'r's.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."



J. B. TERRELL.

J. B. TERRELL.

Known as—"J. B.," "Snipe," and "Polecat."

Origin—Born in U. S. A. some time since Civil War and reared on pretzels and saur-kraut.

Local Habitat—Brafferton Building and Williamsburg Bargain House.

Achievements—Lord High Groom of the College Democratic Mule; a member of the Y. M. C. A. Board of Inquisition; renowned discoverer of the joke without a point.

"With Annanias and Baron Munchausen the triumvirate is complete."

Y^e SENIORS



Senior Class Statistics

Motto:

"We are Seven."

Flower:

The Wild Rose.

Yell:

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
S-E-N-I-O-R
Hoo-a-rix Hoo-a-rix
Senior, Senior
Nineteen-six!

President	W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH
Vice-President	R. E. HENLEY
Secretary and Treasurer	R. B. DADE
Historian	W. B. NEWCOMB
Prophet	J. H. GARNER
Valedictorian	J. N. HUBBARD
Poet	I. S. HOZIER

WILLIAM RALPH WRIGGLESWORTH,
Chula, Amelia Co., Virginia.

Philomathean; President of Philomathean Literary Society, '03-'04; Vice-President Philomathean Literary Society, '03-'04; Improvement Medal in Declamation, '02-'03; Dramatic Club, '02-'03; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '02-'03-'04; Normal Graduate, '03-'04; General Manager Dramatic Club, '05-'06; Member of Executive Committee Athletic Association, '05-'06; Associate Editor of William and Mary Literary Magazine, '05-'06; Associate Editor Colonial Echo, '05-'06; Gleo Club, '05-'06; President of Senior Class, '05-'06.

Known as "Billy," "Wiggletail," and "Charlie."

Origin—English (supposed to have shipped on the Mayflower).

Headquarters—Chula, Va., U. S. A., or No. 18, 2nd floor Taliaferro.

Achievements—Originator of Local Option movement; Temperance and Faculty Lecturer; High Mogul in the Actor's Club (Y. M. C. A.); a human Talking Machine.

"Why man! He walks a sine curve and lives in a cage."





R. B. DADE.

ROBERT BEVERLEY DADE, *Round Hill, Va.*
H. K. A. Phenix, Varsity Football, Instructor Model School, '03, Laboratory Instructor Botany, '06, Echo Staff, '06, Secretary of Class of '06; President Taliaferro Club; Twenty-one Club, Glee Club, German Club.

Known as "Bob," "Dad," "Josephine."

Origin—Date and whereabouts uncertain (ask Dr. Tyler.)—Born so young that he had to begin life at an early age.

Habitat—Taliaferro Building with in eremitic bouts at the H. K. A. House.

Achievements—Greatest joke master of the age (antedeluvian age to be sure). Matriculated in '99,—hopes to get that A. B. this June.

"How tempus do fugit."

*"Music hath power to charm a toiler
But thine hath power to burst a boiler."*

JAMES HARRY GARNER, *North Keys, Md.*
Phenix, Declaimers' Medal, 1904; Diploma in Science, 1905; Treasurer of Phenix, 1904-'05; Annual staff '05-'06; Class Prophet, 1906.

Known as "Ichabod Crane," "Long Legs," "Person," and "Harry," and is one of the star attractions of the side show.

Habitat—Supposed to live on Duke of Gloucester Street—in reality, all creation.

Achievements—Most striking man in a bathing costume; an ex-Y. M. C. A. man and reformer; has a smile (but through request does not use it).

*"Accuse not nature,
She hath done her part."*



J. H. GARNER.



R. E. HENLEY.

ROBERT EDWARD HENLEY, *Williamsburg, Va.*

K. Σ.; Phoenix; Chancellor Scholarship, '02-'03—'03-'04; Diploma in American History and Politics, Pedagogy, and General History, '05; Football Team, 1904-'05; Manager Baseball Team, 1905-'06; Editor-in-chief of *Colonial Echo*, 1905-'06; Athletic Editor of *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, 1905-'06; Secretary of Phoenix, 1904-'05; Executive Committee Phoenix, 1905-'06; Dramatic Club, 1904-'05; Vice-President Class, 1906; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, 1904-'05; President Williamsburg Club, 1906.

Known as—"Bobbie," "Judge," "Manager."

Origin—"Born and bred in the briar patch, Brer Fox."

Habitat—Williamsburg and K. Σ. House and Peninsula Bank Building.

Achievements—College dark horse; an orator indeed, 50th only to Demosthenes; got the vote for most intellectual student, but might we add

*"Although he's said to have much wit
He's rather shy of using it."*

IVAN SCOTT HOZIER, *Williamsburg, Va.*

Phil., married, elected best poet in College; Senior Class Poet, 1906.

Known as—"Is," "Irram," and "Married."

Origin—A problem for future historians. The only knowledge we have of him is that he is a bi ped.

Achievements—None as yet.

"What a dreadful thing is married life (?)



I. S. HOZIER.



J. N. HUBBARD.

JAMES NIMMO HUBBARD,

Willcox Wharf, Charles City Co., Va.

H. K. A.; Philomathean; Secretary of Philomathean, '03-'04; Treasurer of Philomathean, '04-'05; Final Executive Committee of Philomathean, '03-'04-'05-'06; Parliamentary Critic of Philomathean, '05-'06; Graves' Scholarship '01-'02; Historian of Sophomore Class, '02-'03; Class Baseball Team, '02-'03-'04; Assistant Manager Football Team, '03-'04; Diplomas in History, Philosophy, and American History and Politics, '04-'05; Dramatic Club, '04-'05-'06; Glee Club, '05-'06; Treasurer, '03-'04; Vice-President, '04-'05; President '05-'06 of the Trevilian Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, '05-'06; Valedictorian of Senior Class, '05-'06; President of the Tennis Club, '05-'06.

Known as—"Nimmo," and "Old Mother Hubbard."

Origin—"A bow-legged, bass voiced son of the wild sea waves."

Habitat—H. K. A. House.

Achievements—Has the one and only up-to-date horse laugh; a Southern tongue glib; now making his second attempt for a sheepskin.

"A very gentle beast, and of good conscience."

WILLIAM BRADFORD NEWCOMB.

H. K. A., Phoenix, Coreoran Scholarship, '03-'04, '04-'05; Historian Class '06; Secretary Freshman Class, '03; President Tennis Club, '04; Lab. Instructor Zoology, '06; Literary Editor of "Echo," '06; Dramatic Club, Twenty-One Club, German Club.

Known as "Billie," "Nek," "Nellie."

Origin—Virginian (F. F. V. of course!)

Local Habitat—H. K. A. House (if warm).

Achievements—Long trousers in Senior year; Judge of the Superior Court in College Politics; greatest athlete who never won his V; aspires to be a tennis player, but his short legs and general rotundity interfere with rapid movement.

"I am little," said Tobasco, "but I'm hot stuff, just the same."



W. B. NEWCOMB.

Senior Class History

Did ever another historian have such a task? Was ever another required to write the story of a class of solely seven, and seven so distinctly different? The Genius and the Literary Liar, the Politician, the Poet, and the Impious One, the Best All-round Man, honored for his years, and the Boy—is but to call the roll in the abstract. But these are not the still and serious sons of thought, basking in the dignity of a Senior's cap, as you have seen them; but rather as the Historian has observed them in his four years of contact.

Viewing these conflicting interests, we are tempted to say with Wordsworth's 'Little Maid of the Village,' simply, "We are Seven," and thus to end our task; leaving you to read the success of our college careers from the page of faces, for truly Ambition needs no other support than Time.

If our merits could be measured by our number, our story would indeed be a short one. But, happily, they more nearly equal our ugliness. And so, standing on the threshold of a new life, it is most pleasureably that we recall the old, the four years of college yesterdays that are ours, yesterdays full to the moment of things done, of ends achieved, of ideals realized. And remember, that every achievement of an end has meant a newer, a greater, a grander ideal for future realization; that thus, the Freshmen of '02 'on stepping-stones of their dead selves have risen' to the Seniors of '06.

But has this progress been entirely without interruption; has it ever and always been the smile of Dame Fortune that we have looked upon? Not so—a just portion of sorrows, of pains and of failures has been our lot. Yet, with the remembrance of these of the unpleasant, not a glimmer of regret comes; for why regret? We are as all. Failure is a part of our experience. It has proved a round in the ladder of success, paradoxical as it may seem, in furnishing a rule by which we have avoided or triumphed over like circumstances when they have arisen later.

One failure is experience; twice to fail, the lot of a fool. It is only justice to the Class to say that in this we have been wise ones.

Why are these failures so remembered? Most surely not because of their frequency; but rather that they have been out of the usual, the exceptions to the rule of victory that has been ours; for certainly the Goddess of Success has been the constant companion of some, and the favoring friend of all. The absent faces of our Freshmen brothers of '02 tell of the disfavored ones—but enough; of them another historian must write.

However, it is not to this fickle Goddess alone that we may turn to enquire the reason of our small number, and it is most fitting that we here remember those of our number whose hope of graduation was lost to a bed of fever.

Historian after Historian has meted out the many merits of Senior Class after Senior Class. And have they in doing so been vain; have they in one instance overestimated the true worth of their fellow-classmen? The history of William

and Mary College says not, and truly the history of William and Mary is but the record of the achievements of its Seniors.

It is not for us to bore you here with a detailed delineation of what this Class has attempted, and the numberless *whats* it has accomplished. This is not necessary.

We have only to mention our President, for to pronounce his very name is to unknowingly wriggle into a smile. It is written Wigglesworth. I leave it with you. Again I am persuaded beyond any reasonable doubt that you are content to let the musty pages of Ancient History hold the life secret of the one Bob Dade safe in its own antiquity. Tradition says that he it was who crowded the Genuine Gaius Julius into the real Rubicon probably for the sake of the Philomathean orators; but the Historian has a doubt. Be this as it may, we turn to things more modern, and to another Robert, and an honorable lawyer who pleads his case before an attentive court, and commands the thundering applause of his entire audience of one as he refers to Statute V, Article IV, Section III, of Henley's "Cases of Cupid" or, "Law as Related to Love." Parenthetically, let us say he is devoted to his profession. A preacher there was; a man there is, J. Harry Garner. Hozier—but stop: he is married. J. Nimmo Hubbard is his name: for further information apply to his oldest pipe. Only the Historian remains, but he is too young to have a history all by myself; and so we pass on to a survey of our position.

Today, we are a happy *bunch* of College *under-grads*, tomorrow—how it grieves!—we are Alumni of our Alma Mater, and as such are by necessity immediate factors in the shaping of her history. Fellow-classmen, appreciate her past and tremble at the responsibility.

The State, even the Nation, looks to William and Mary; and William and Mary looks to us, her sons.

The call comes for men, men strong in thought, and manly; our College, confident in her trust, presents the Class of '06.

"She deems us not seven spotless heroes, seven "Intellectual All in Alls," for they are as

"The Light that never was on sea or land
The consecration and the Poet's dream."

But as men of the world, 'Even as you and I,' imperfect at their best, who shall go out from her walls; and, taking a stand in the great struggle, reflect on her future some of the glorious light she has shed upon us in the four years of her ministering, now past.

It is of course with some amount of satisfaction that we are able to claim the Bachelor's Degree; but is this foremost in our minds? And, now that the immediate object of our ambition, of our striving, has been gained; now that we have realized a fondest hope, are we to stop and contentedly rest on our accomplishments? Not so with the Class of '06. Within their breasts Ambition's fire burns its fiercest. Methinks the field for conquest broadens at our present view. Probable victories fill

the sight. Unequalled opportunities are dimly outlined in the haze of futurity, which to the termination of youth seems as one long march of triumph. But the prophet begs, desist; and so we must; but not until we have pledged to our college a devotion that is not for a day, but:

—“Forever and forever
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,”—

nor until we bid our Alma Mater “A last, long, lingering, fond farewell.”

HISTORIAN.

Farewell of Seniors

Hearken, Oh Ye “Ducs”! We, the Senior Class of '06, about to depart, do leave with you our final admonitions and warning to serve as a stepping-stone upon the highway to success:—Don't be fresh, you may get salted. Don't come to College relying too much upon your nursery training, for the wheels of the faculty move slowly but they crush exceedingly small. Don't cut Chapel, it may cut you. Yet there's consolation in the thought:

“It's better to have cut too much
Than never to have cut at all.”

Don't rely too much on that intelligent expression, you may get called upon.

Don't study too hard on your English in your 'Due' year, it is an interesting subject and one that you will have to repeat anyhow with pleasure and profit in your Sophomore year.

Don't speak of College as School.

If Sophomores entice thee, consent thou not.

Senior Class Poem

I.

Low sinks the sun in yonder western sky,
Sweet Nature seeks her undisturbed repose,
The gay sweet beams of sunlight stoop to die,
And fain mine heavy eyelids sought to close.

II.

The hours of midnight softly creep to view,
The twinkling stars now light the darkened sky,
And all is still save from yon sea of blue
There comes the rushing waves' deep mournful sigh.

III.

The twinkling stars cast down their golden beam
Upon the surging waters of the sea,
And to within my soul's recess, I dream
Of days that have been and are yet to be.

IV.

And through the stillness of the shadowy night
An unknown figure softly treading came;
There shone behind her streaks of golden light,
Ah! true indeed, she bears no earthly name!

V.

She stood before me in her rich attire;
I gazed, half wondering, at her silent tread;
She led my sinful thoughts to heavenward higher,
And badest me follow her where'er she led.

VI.

Then swiftly flying through the midnight air,
As if enveloped in the billowy sea,
She led me to her golden palace fair
And told me of the things which were to be.

VII.

She badest me gaze far out in the great unknown,
"For there," she said, "true wisdom wilt thou find;
To read the history of the days unborn
Is but to know the future of mankind."

VIII.

"Brave souls now numbered 'mong the silent dead
Once fought the same dread battles which we fight,
Once trod this same fond earth which we now tread,
And gave their lives for justice and for right.

IX.

"If ever thou shouldst seek for earthly fame
As life's untutored ways thou daily tread,
Then seek thou first to bear an honored name,
And thou'lt be numbered 'mong the noble dead.

X.

"Let not ambition fail thy treasured goal,
Let Christian faith e'er mark thy humble way,
Ambition is the strength to man's true soul,
And simple faith the guide to gaudy day.

XI.

"Let not desertion curse thy treasured goal,
Let not desertion mark thy humble tread,
Desertion is the curse to man's true soul,
Desert not duty, choose thou death instead."

XII.

But e'er her gentle words did cease to fall
As softly as the dew drops in the morn,
Mine eyes were oped, and there upon the wall,
I read the history of the days unborn.

XIII.

Could Time's rude hands be stilled yet once again,
As were they in the days now past and gone,
My weary soul could scarcely then refrain
To tell thee of thy destiny unknown.

XIV.

Yet be not faint, for in thy destined way
Thy goals of life shall truly guide thee on;
The sun of thy short life in fond array,
Now fairer shines than it hath ever shone.

XV.

Let faithfulness, let courage, and let truth,
Be thine to seek and thine to e'er retain;
And let thy rising strength, e'en though uncouth,
Seek out the faith of some fond shepherd swain.

XVI.

For in this unknown vale of human life,
Where there are dusky dreary ways to tread
Thy faith shall guide thee in the dismal strife,
And place thee e'er a leader and not led.

XVII.

Let wisdom ways be thine and thy life's goal,
Till greater love shall change thy blest abode;
And let thy youthful honor-seeking soul
Ne'er seek a worldly treasure to uphoard.

XVIII.

Let honor bright thy faltering feet e'er guide
O'er mountains dark—thro' valleys bright and gay—
For mortals brave have oftentimes, falling—died,
For casting honors bright behind away.

XIX.

The scene is changed, and o'er yon surging wave
Methinks a swiftly gliding bark I see,
For though the inky darkness sought its grave,
And daylight brought its living ecstasy.

XX.

Though swifter yet, and even yet more swift,
The gliding craft sails onward ever fair,
The harbor reached, the warriors gayly light,
The sovereign schien upon the mystic air.

XXI.

One moment more and shouts do rend the air,
Yea! even now their mingled voices mix;
A thousand voices hail the banner fair —
The warriors are the class of "Naughty Six."

XXII.

O God, do grant their lives in peace may rest
Forever, while life's saddened winds do blow.
For blessings—thou art ever truly blest—
The peace of God be with thee—rise and go!

—I. S. HOZIER.

Senior Prophecy

Sitting in my room one night, the last night of the year, I was thinking of the past which was withered and dead, and of the future which seemed dark and dreary. Especially did I think of the future of that illustrious body of men called the "Class of Naughty Six"; that body of men in whose hands the destiny of Virginia—yes more, the destiny of our glorious country—hangs as in a balance. Outside, the elements were raging: the wind howled around the corner and rattled the windows; deeper, deeper, ever deeper "fell the snow o'er the landscape," thicker, thicker, ever thicker "froze the ice on lake and river;" but within, all was quiet: my lamp had gone out, and the fire flickered on the hearth, with now and then a tongue of flame leaping out farther than the rest, as if it would come even to my face.

As I gazed into the dying embers, there arose out of the fire, in one of the tongues of flame, a being, such as I had never seen before, but which I instantly knew to be "Weird," the Goddess of Destiny. The being came toward me and held out a coat of costly material interwoven with threads of gold. As I reached out my hand for the coat, it said in clear, musical tones, "Wear this and you will be invisible, but at the same time you will be able to look into the future, and see the things that must be ere this old world has journeyed a score of times around the sun."

I donned the mysterious garment, and immediately felt myself carried through space at an alarming rate; over forests, villages, rivers and farms we flew, until I saw beneath me a large city, with its beautiful squares and hurrying crowds. I was carried along until I came to the State-house, when I was placed in a position commanding a fine view of the front of this beautiful building. Crowds seemed to be gathering from all directions, the sun shone brightly and the hilarious crowd sent up a shout of applause every now and then. I knew that something grand was to take place, so I waited rather impatiently, but not for a long time, for in a few minutes a band came by playing a beautiful march; behind this came a squad of soldiers and then several beautiful carriages drawn by snow-white steeds. The men in the carriages ascended to the platform in front of the State-house, and after prolonged shouts of applause from the crowd, one of them rose and addressed the audience. He spoke of things pertaining to the good of the State, the unity of the people, the betterment of the poorer classes, and, above all, the education of the children. His deep, clear tones fell upon my ears, sending a thrill through my whole body. His powerful gesture and brilliant eye held the crowd spell-bound. As he took his seat, the shout that went up echoed and re-echoed through the square, and I shouted with the rest, for I had recognized the speaker as one of my classmates; it was none other than His Excellency, Robert E. Henley, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Again I was carried along over green hills and fair fields until I came to a church in the mountains of Virginia. I crossed the threshold just in time to hear the congregation join in singing a hymn. Such singing as this, I had never heard before; perhaps there was not so much music in it, but every one sang as if he meant it. After the singing, the parson began his sermon. This minister appeared to be doing much good, for the congregation, after a week's hard work, had a chance to sleep during his sermon, and they always finished their nap before he stopped expounding the Scriptures. This parson was none other than Reverend Herbert H. Young. He seemed very happy, and why shouldn't he be? Often he glanced in the direction of the organ, and when I looked that way, I saw what made him appear so happy, for there at the organ sat his former music teacher, the one who had stood by his side in the cold room and counted while he fingered the keys—the "Pearle" that was more precious to him than diamonds, and, who, several years before, had consented to remain "Young" all her life. I was not surprised in the least, for at College "Brigham" had been an inveterate "Calico Sport."

The scene changed almost immediately. I was carried along the streets of one of our larger cities until a large church reared its lofty steeple in front of me; I saw the people surging in at the door, and soon the church was filled to its utmost capacity. I entered and found that the church was decorated for what must be a grand wedding. I was anxious to know the names of the happy pair. "Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound." A beautiful girl was passing up the aisle, leaning upon the arm of a man, whose head was bowed down with many years. My attention was drawn to the chancel of the church to see the fortunate man. "None but the brave deserve the fair." So I expected to see a stalwart young man, certainly a football player, who had been cheered on to the goal by the girl of his choice. To my surprise there appeared a man of small dimensions, scarcely five feet in height, and he appeared shorter still by the side of his broad-shouldered, muscular "best man." Soon the solemn ceremony was over, and a beautiful wedding march pealed forth from the organ. As the bridal couple neared the place where I was standing, the light from one of the windows fell upon the face of the happy man, and I saw before me William B. Newcomb. "Billy" was, by far, the most prominent physician of that city, and he had never forgotten the resolution that he made while keeping, or rather not keeping, house in Williamsburg. His resolution was this: "I intend to live in a house with a woman, either my wife or somebody else's."

My magic coat carried me along over hills and vales, until I came to a large village. I stopped at this and found that there was a county fair taking place at that time, but something unusual seemed to be in the air. Every one seemed to be excited, and groups of three or four would talk as though the world were coming to an end that afternoon. Just before three o'clock, the crowds pushed their way towards one point. Curiosity prompted me to get as near this point as possible, so I

went over the heads of the crowd to the central point. There before me was a machine, the like of which I had never seen nor heard of before. From its appearance, his "Satanic Majesty" must have been the architect, and "Beelzebub," the builder. A slender, pleasant looking man took his stand upon the diabolical contrivance and addressed the crowd as follows: "This is truly an air-ship, for I can sail in the air faster than anything can go on the earth. The working of it is simple. In making this machine, I have overcome the force of friction and of the air upon it, and all that I have to do is to ascend a few hundred feet into the air that I may be out of the way of the mountains, and then the earth whirls from under me so that I can go around the world in one day, or at the rate of about one thousand miles per hour." I was intensely interested in the machine, for I saw in the inventor my old classmate, Ivan S. Hozier—the man who had won one of life's greatest victories while at College. He cut the rope that was holding the machine and then it began to ascend, but at the same time to fly through the air toward the West. In a few seconds it was out of sight, and at six o'clock we received a telegram that had been dropped by Mr. Hozier on passing San Francisco.

Next I took my flight northward. I crossed railroads, rivers and hills, passed large cities, and soon came in sight of a city larger than the rest, situated on a large body of water. Its church steeples appeared here and there above the houses, and off in the business section, smoke and fog hung over the tall stacks of the factories. I was carried along to a large building, whose auditorium was filled with men between the ages of eighteen and forty. On a rostrum sat an august body of men whose very air bespoke wisdom beyond that of the ordinary cultured man. I saw at once that these men on the stage composed the faculty of a University. After a short service, the president of the institution introduced to the student-body a professor who had recently become a member of that faculty. Amid much applause, the newly-elected one came forward and addressed the audience. His manner was somewhat shrinking and very modest; there were not many flights of oratory in his speech, but what he said was in a quiet and unimposing manner, which appealed to his listeners as no oratory could have appealed. He had something to say, so he did not have to shout. Before he finished speaking, I saw in him the man who had so often addressed our class at College. It was our President, William R. Wigglesworth, Ph. D., Professor of Latin in Johns Hopkins University.

I passed from this institution of learning and walked for a few blocks when I heard some one send forth a heart-rending yell in the room at the top of a stairway. It seemed that some one must be in great pain or danger, so I ascended the stairs, four steps at a time. There was another yell, and I burst open the door to the room from which the cries were coming. I took in the situation at a glance and rolled on the floor with laughter. In a dentist's chair sat a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound daughter of Cain, whose complexion seemed all the more dark when compared with the pale-faced young man, who was exerting superhuman strength in trying to extract a molar from the spacious cavern of her dark and forbidding countenance.

But most amusing of all was to see the dentist, Dr. Benjamin A. Warriner, standing with one foot on a table, and the other on the shoulder of his corpulent patient, and pulling with both hands as though he were trying to draw a man out of a well. Finally he succeeded in his undertaking, but at the same time lost his balance and fell backwards on his pet dog which was peacefully sleeping on the rug.

From this city I was carried back along a public highway, through the fields of old Virginia. As I journeyed along I came to a plowed field in which several colored men were holding a young mule. A young white man in a canvas suit stepped up to the mule, caught the bridle reins in his hands, and prepared for the spring. I wished to see the fun, so I took a position where I could see them plainly. One negro said, "Boss, dis hyah mule is gwine to fling you ober his head in no time." His boss did not seem to hear—at least he did not heed—the negro's warning, but leaped upon the mule's back. The mule started off as though he wanted some exercise, but when he was twenty feet from me, his front feet seemed to stick to the soft earth, his head went down, and his rider seemed to be trying to make a flying tackle at a fence post near by. The expressions that came from his lips at every breath do not bear repeating, but he turned to the laughing negroes and said, "When you find you can't stay on a mule, just get off as I did." To my surprise, there stood my class-mate who was so fond of the gridiron, Yates M. Barber. I found that Barber was a very successful farmer, and the most enthusiastic fox-hunter in that section of the country.

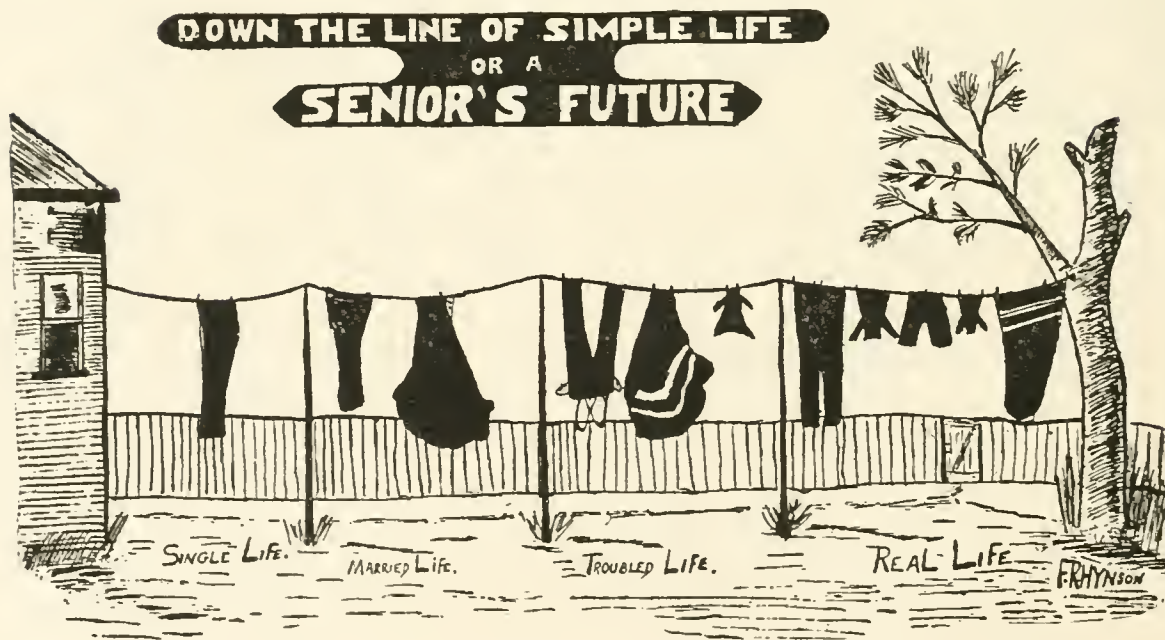
After this amusing experience, I found myself carried westward at a rate which was equalled only by the messages over the wires. For some time I was carried over broad fields of grass and waving grain, until at last I came to a large railroad center in Missouri. I entered the large court room of the town. It was filled with people in every circumstance of life: from the portly railroad official to the miner in his gray shirt and buckskin trousers. The prosecuting attorney had the floor, and I found from him that the W. & Q. railroad was being sued. When he took his seat I thought that the defense had no chance of winning at all, but when the railroad's attorney began to speak, it dawned upon me that I had misjudged his keenness and ability as a lawyer. His voice had a ring that showed determination, but there was a slight nervousness about him. His oratorical powers were not very great but he saw points that his opponent did not see, and he also refuted every argument brought forth by the prosecution. Throughout the speech he used quotations which were familiar and to the point, and he ended all by a poem that appealed to the jury and to the entire audience. Amid much applause, he turned to take his seat, and I got a good view of the face of James Nimmo Hubbard.

I had gone but a few miles over the country from this town, when I came to a large ranch over which hundreds of cattle and horses were roaming. I saw a strong, well-built man ride in from the fields where he had been surveying his herds; he rode at a steady gallop up to the porch of his house, where he dismounted, tossed the reins to a servant, and then took his seat on the porch; he filled his pipe, got

his feet on the same level with his head, and began to read. He seemed very contented with his manner of life, and I did not wonder at this, for just then a trim young lady came to the door and said in a beautifully sweet voice, "Come dear, for dinner is ready." The ranchman entered his house with his wife leaning on his arm, and I, out of curiosity, looked at the book which he had been reading. I found it to be a book of poems by I. S. Hozier, and on looking at the fly leaf I found the possessor to be Robert B. Dade.

I was very happy, for I knew that the members of the class of "Naughty-Six," my class-mates, were leading in the affairs of the world, and all seemed happy in their stations and vocations in life; yet, I knew that there was one other whose future I had not seen, but I almost shrank from this, for I knew the future of that one to be full of cares and troubles.

I started away from the beautiful ranch, and soon went over a mountain. I felt myself going down, down, down, and with a crash I struck the floor. My chair had fallen backward with me and there I lay in the cold; so, wrapped in darkness and oblivion is the future of the —PROPHET.



RUBÁIYÁT OF THE SENIOR FOR THE FINAL BALL

(With apologies to Omar Khayyám and to the readers of these lines.)

I.

Wake! For the Day is done; the Night is here,
So long looked-forward-to and now so near;
The night on which we dance the Final Ball:
The last, but the best, Night of all the Year.

II.

The football togs have long been laid away;
Baseball and basketball have had their Day;
The Highball, too, has had its little Fling;
The *Final Ball* now holds unquestioned Sway.

III.

How swift has seemed the Flight of Time; each Night
The Gym. has gleamed with gay Frat. Colors bright,
Garnet and Gold and White and Emerald Green;
Now comes the dear old *Orange and the White*.

IV.

We've danced each German with an added Zest,
Sworn each succeeding one to be the best,
Made our Adieus with the first Flush of Dawn,
"And one by one crept silently to rest."

V.

This morning in the Chapel sat we all,
While Gold and Sheepskin all around did fall;
Methought a faint smile played about the Lips
Of *John Blair's Portrait*, hanging on the Wall.

VI.

Degrees, Diplomas, Medals, without end
Did all about us like a Rain descend;
Surely to win one were a little thing,
But *not* to win one—Gracious Heaven, forbend!

VII.

And so our work is done; with waking light
Our lives as Students will be ended quite;
And these old Walls that seem to us like Home
We can call ours no more after tonight.

VIII.

I've heard it said by Men who've gone before,
There comes a longing for the Days of Yore,
To hear the Fount of Knowledge play again,
Mingling its Music with the Senior's Snore.

IX.

It may be true—at least this much I see:
In Years that are to come, for You and Me
There'll be no Bell by faithful *Billups* rung.
To say "Your work is done. Go, rest. Be free."

X.

And now the Dance is on: Oh wondrous Sight,
Of Youth and Beauty in rich Dress bedight!
The saddest, sweetest Time the Session holds,
Is with us now: Oh Time, haste not thy Flight!

XI.

On with the Dance, while music, low and sweet,
Falls on expectant Ears, and flying Feet
Yield to its Charms. Ah! there's no time like this,
When Grace and Wisdom, Wit and Beauty meet.

XII.

Soon "Home Sweet Home" shall break the happy Spell
And, with a figure and the dear old Yell,
We'll bid old College Days, Friends, Sweethearts—all—
A longing, lingering, final, fond—*Farewell!*

—JAMES D'ORSAY, '03.



Junior Class

1905-1906

Motto :

Laboremus, O Juniores, Seniores, cum fuerimus veniet otium cum triumpho.

Colors :

Silver Gray and Orange

Yell :

Wa-hoo! Wah!! Wa-hoo! Wah!!
Sim! Boom! Ba!
Nineteen Seven! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers :

President.....	CLARENCE E. KOONTZ
Vice-President.....	C. BURNARD RANSONE
Secretary.....	J. DENSON PRETLOW
Treasurer.....	A. T. HOPE
Historian.....	G. L. HADDON JOHNSON



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class Roll

ABBITT, JOHN W.	Port Norfolk, Va.
POWEN, JOHN H.	Hampton, Va.
BLUNDON, H. HOWELL ..	Burgess Store, Va.
BLACKWELL, ARCHER L. ..	Reedville, Va.
CHICESTER, P. MONCURE ..	Fredericksburg, Va.
DURKEE, CHAS. C.	Cremona, Va.
ELLIS, J. TYLER ..	Shawsville, Va.
EUBANK, H. R.	Etna Mills, Va.
EWELL, JESSE	Ruckersville, Va.
FAISON, EMMETT B.	Portsmouth, Va.
HANKINS, GEO. G.	Toano, Va.
HEFLIN, JOHN W.	Hinton, W. Va.
HOPE, A. T.	Hopeton, Va.
JONES, JAS. F.	Alexandria, Va.
JOHNSON, G. L. H. HADDON ..	Unity, Va.
KOONTZ, CLAURENCE E.	Luray, Va.
PRETLOW, J. DENSON	Richmond, Va.
RANSONE, C. BURNARD ..	Port Haywood, Va.
ROANE, H. G.	Cash, Va.
SOMERS, GROVER T.	Bloxom, Va.
SNEAD, WILLIE S.	Lewiston, Va.
TERRELL, R. F.	Ullaine, Va.
YOUNG, HERRERT H.	Aquasco, Md.
WARNER, SELDEN R.	Dunsville, Va.
WAONER, JOHN J.	Rainville, Va.
WILKINSON, I. T.	Nebletts, Va.
WILLIAMS, JOSEPH	New Bern, N. C.
WHITLEY, J. GRAFTON ..	Indika, Va.
ZACHARAY, GEO. E.	Columbia, Va.

Junior Class History

There is perhaps no more interesting, yet more difficult, task that could be assigned to a student at old William and Mary than to chronicle the experiences of his fellow classmates while at college.

It is not the duty, however, of the historian to record all the little things that happen in college life; to do this, he would have to keep a diary as a reference to the various experiences and moral atmospheric changes through which the student passes. A class history is more a delineation of those things that tend to shape and fashion life; the salient facts that we shall, at some future day, when wandering far from our Alma Mater, wish to refer to when some one of our number has been honored and made famous.

Well do we remember the time when we took the initiative as college students, and how, after becoming acquainted with those about us and the ceremonies attending our entrance, we began to feel our own importance and wisdom. It was not very long, however, before this wise feeling began to take its departure, for, when we struck upon the parabola, we hardly knew whether to term it an illustration of an inclined plane or an eclipsed rainbow. The fallacy of our own opinions was then very evident, and we began to launch out upon the first principles of an education by realizing how little we knew. It was not the spirit of the class to give up in despair simply because it had awakened to this great truth, but holding to that which is always characteristic of a true W. M. C. student, it kept up the conflict until the close of the first session. Almost every one seemed incited and inspired to higher things by their degree of success, and rejoiced in the fact that they would no longer bear the title of "boisterous ducs."

After a very pleasant vacation, most of us assembled again in "Ye Ancient Capital," and began to enter upon the new and imposing duties of our Sophomore year. This session was not entirely unlike the first, for it had its difficulties as well as its pleasures; although they were of a different nature and always pointed to higher planes of learning and broader fields of action.

Both in the literary and athletic departments the class of this year was beginning to make itself felt; for while some were struggling on the gridiron and diamond to achieve athletic glory, others were striving to hold up the standard of the literary societies and of the orange and white by preparing debates and orations and writing for the college monthly. These efforts to develop the mind and body were not without their effect, for those who sought it were rewarded at each time by the encomium of their superiors.

Soon we were approaching the close of our second session, and the much dreaded and hazardous ordeal of examinations was upon us. In these, some came out "more than conquerors," but it is a sad fact that there are always some who are indifferent about class promotion, and, therefore, have to take a backward stand.

The college opened this year in a most flourishing condition, and from the beginning, the members of Junior class have been leaders of athletics and regular class-work.

In football we can not only claim representation, but we can boast of the star playing of Hankins, Barber, Wilkinson and Somers. The first mentioned has been honored with the captainship for next year. Then, too, we would not forget to mention the names of those who were classed as "scrubs," but fought manfully to support the Varsity, and here we have Koontz, Ellis, Ewell and Snead. The gymnasium work has also flourished under the assistant management of our classmate, Chichester.

For lack of space, we cannot say more on athletics, important as it is; suffice it to say, that we have had our full share of representation in every branch, and with Wilkinson as president of our Athletic Association, and Somers and Franck on the diamond, what shall be the extent of our glory!

In leaving this for brief comment on other phases of college life, we should like to mention the names of those who have led the way up the height of class-work, and attained true greatness in knowledge, but since some cannot claim this, we refrain. We shall leave this for the class to decide, and bid the scholarly ones write their history on the hearts of men.

Then again, we have in our number physicians of almost every kind and cast. As the spiritual doctors of the class, those who figure most prominently are Young, Williams, Zachary, Durkee and Fulford. We hope and believe that some day in the—future these men will become potent factors in their noble work, and that many lives shall be made brighter and happier because they have lived.

No doubt those who read this feeble effort of portrayal will see that ours is a class of many different types of men; students whose opinions are diversified and vocations many; yet, we must make mention of those who attend to the political and social development of the class. And here, we cannot think of more representative men than E. B. Faison, the leading democrat, and J. W. Heflin, the advocate of political reform.

In the literary society work, the ability of our political advisers cannot be doubted, especially when we mention the fact that they were the men who won the Intercollegiate Debate against Randolph-Macon. In addition to these, we would not forget to recognize the flowing eloquence of Koontz, Young, Williams, Wilkinson and Ewell; and it is our opinion that they will sway and control at least a part of our country with their power of speech.

For fear that some patient reader may say that we have been neglectful of the "fairer sex," we cannot overlook the "calico sport." And here, the question arises, who is it? Shall we give his name? No, space will not permit a narrative, so we forbear. Besides, we could not place the honor on one, two, or even three, for it is more or less a chronic affection of the whole class, except the writer.

Kind readers and classmates, our task is finished. As we look about us, many pleasant memories come vividly before our minds, and then we think of the parting, the saddest of all times in our college life. Many of us will part, perhaps never to meet again, but those who go, never to return, we extend our heartfelt wishes for their success and a command to remember and ever cherish the days when we drank together at the mother spring of knowledge.

HISTORIAN.



A maiden fair, with eyes of blue,
To the hammock-maker hied;
Said she: "Sir, I have come to you
For a hammock strong and tried."

Said he: "How large must your swing be?
There are widths and lengths, you know,
For several, one, or two, or three,
But yours is for one I trow."

And the maiden sweet, with a blush looked down,
And a twinkle in the eyes of blue,
Said: "Sir, just *large* enough for one,
But strong enough for two."

—J. A. CARSON.





Officers :

President.....	S. A. McDONALD
Vice-President.....	G. L. STRONG
Secretary.....	W. M. HERRIN
Historian.....	H. H. MARSDEN

Sophomore Class Roll

ABRAHAM, J. M.	Enfield, Va.
ARMISTEAD, R. G.	Williamsburg, Va.
BAKER, H. J.	Coeburn, Va.
BARNES, C. M.	Williamsburg, Va.
BIRCKHEAD, K. P.	Proffit, Va.
BLACKBURN, J. R.	Grottoes, Va.
BOZARTH, W. R.	Elwood, N. J.
BUMPASS, C. I.	Bumpass, Va.
BUTLER, F. G.	Charlestown, W. Va.
CAMPBELL, B.	Bedford City, Va.
CARTER, H. G.	Kilmannock, Va.
DALTON, P. E.	Meadows of Dan, Va.
DAVIS, E. P.	Vicksville, Va.
DOVELL, G. A. B.	Uno, Va.
DOVELL, G. A.	Uno, Va.
DUVAL, J. D.	Howardsville, Va.
DURFEY, G. J.	Williamsburg, Va.
EBELL, C. L.	Elwood, N. J.
ETHERIDGE, H. R.	Norfolk, Va.
EUBANK, W. H.	Etna Mills, Va.
FLOURNOY, H. W.	Richmond, Va.
GILLIAM, P. S.	Crittenden, Va.
HALL, C. M.	Williamsburg, Va.
HALL, J. L. JR.	Williamsburg, Va.
HAISLIP, A. S.	Alrich, Va.
HAYNIE, R. R.	Reedville, Va.
HERRIN, W. M.	Zuni, Va.
HOLMES, G. F.	Surry, Va.
HINTON, J. R.	Lillian, Va.
HOOKE, H. L.	Buffalo Ridge, Va.
HOGES, Q. W.	Chatham, Va.
JAMES, C. F.	Dendron, Va.
JONES, M. C.	Fork Union, Va.
KYGER, R. W.	Elkton, Va.
LEWIS, M.	Manassas, Va.
LEWIS, F. W.	Kilmarnock, Va.
LONG, G. R. H.	Luray, Va.
MARSDEN, H. H.	Lawrence, Mass.
MCDONALD, S. A.	Warrenton, Va.
MITCHELL, J. Y. S.	Norfolk, Va.
NOELL, F. M.	Bedford City, Va.
NOLAN, J. T.	Elamsville, Va.
PERKINS, R. M.	Norfolk, Va.
PETTUS, W. H.	Petersburg, Va.
POWELL, G. D.	McKenny, Va.
RIDDICK, R. M.	Gatesville, N. C.
RIDDICK, E. L.	Gatesville, N. C.
ROGERS, J. C.	Carsley, Va.
SNEAD, A. M.	Stafford, Va.
SHEWMAKE, E. F.	Newport News, Va.
SIMPSON, W. C.	Norfolk, Va.
STOVER, J. F.	Churchville, Va.
STRONG, G. L.	Willis, Va.
THOMPSON, J. W.	Magruder, Va.
WALL, H. P.	South Hill, Va.
WALLS, J. E.	Lanexa, Va.
WATSON, O. B.	Roanoke, Va.
WHITE, J. S.	Warrenton, Va.
WHITE, G. G.	Abingdon, Va.
WILSON, D. A.	Staunton, Va.
WOMACK, H. L.	Vernon Hill, Va.
YOUNG, E. W.	Mare, Va.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class History

Loud rang the voice of duty, and again we hastened to the scene of action. As we enter upon this our second year at old William and Mary, we are no longer Freshmen, but Sophomores, with all that that implies of wider scope of view and of increased responsibilities.

We had not been at college many days when we sought out the furtive Freshman, in order that we might instruct him in many ways the paths of wisdom. We taught him to obey us in every way, we taught him the art of singing and dancing, running the gauntlet and many other things which a Freshman ought to know, so that when he becomes a dignified Sophomore, he will not suffer the humiliation and embarrassments, which must necessarily follow through ignorance. The Freshmen took very kindly to our instructions and we can truthfully say that the Freshmen of the class of 1909 were the nicest and' cutest little boys that ever came to college.

Meanwhile the class had not been idle in other spheres of activity.

The class of 1908 has been doing great work in all branches of athletics. Last fall we were represented on the football team by Meade, Watson, Dovell, Walls and MacDonald. Although there were others of our class who tried for the team, but for some unknown reason did not make the first team, yet they deserve some praise for their fine showing.

On the basketball team, which won both the collegiate and all-round championship of the State, we were represented by Watson, captain and center; Marsden, guard.

We are also holding up our "rep" as athletes on the "diamond." Lewis, Wynkoop, Carter and Marsden are making a strong bid for positions on the team, and are likely to be heard from before the season is over.

It is during the slow winter months, when football, baseball and tennis are things of the past, that the "calico" man and the literary society "fiend" plies his favorite trade. We have among our number many who have fallen victims to Cupid's darts, and we might mention some who have been wounded rather severely: Warner, Riddick, Shewmake, Pettus and Ebell.

In the literary societies, our representatives have been doing good work. We are to be represented at finals by G. A. Dovell, who is one of the final debaters. Hodges, Shewmake, Herrin, MacDonald, and Birkhead have been elected to many of the offices during the session.

We have in our class many different types of men, the preacher, politician, sport, the grind, the smart "Alec"; and, alas, those who are enrolled as students, but whose

standing as such can be questioned. But time and space will not permit us to mention each. We can only say in passing that the class of 1908 is the most representative body of men that has ever entered the walls of William and Mary.

In just two short years our college days will be a thing of the past, and we shall be thrust out into the great sea of life. It is then we shall realize that William and Mary has given to us something more than a mere technical education. Let us then, members of the Sophomore class, strive to maintain the fair name of our honored Alma Mater and devote our best interests for her upbuilding and welfare.

HISTORIAN.

Love Sonnets of a Sophomore

I dream of thee when golden day doth dawn,
And ringing peals remind me I must rise;
Each morning fills me with a glad surprise,
As if I'd gone and left my head in pawn.
Somehow my heart toward thine is swiftly drawn,
My soul, I find, is also bound likewise,—
What magnets oft are lovely dark-brown eyes—
Before a fellow knows he starts he's gone.
And yet I think I rather die than live
Without the haunting presence of your-face;
The jeweled parapets of Paradise
Are visions that a glimpse of you doth give;
The world would be an aching, voiceless space
Without you, but with you it would suffice.

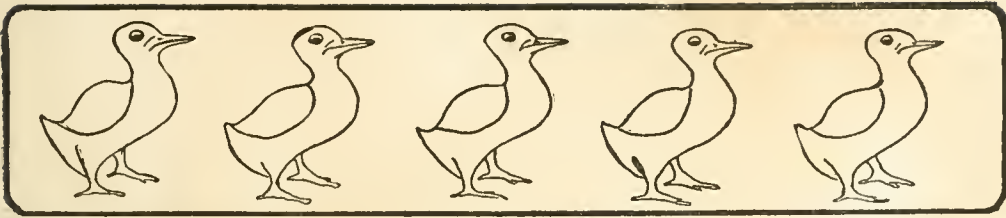
The droning hours I spend in lecture halls
Seem ages while I listen for the bell;
And when the shade of evening softly falls
My lips still frame the same old tale to tell.
Why waste one' time with Math' when Cupid calls?
Why burst one's throat with savage college yells
When some fair maid a fellow's heart enthralls,
And babbling brooks flow through sweet cozy dells?
O, little love they say was ever blind,
He hath no eyes for ancient musty lore;
To him no matter; nothing doth he mind,
For classics are to him a mighty bore,
And nothing in this wide world doth he find
That's half so sweet as what's been told before.

My new clothes came to-day; I hope they fit;
My shining shoes are patent leather dreams;
Alas, my gloves, my lovely suedes, have split,
But Collins has a pair with stronger seams.
I missed my French to-day, yes, every bit,
It steadily grows harder, so it seems;
But troubles are forgotten every whit,
This afternoon we *pique-niqued* down the Jeems.
Tomorrow I shall skip the English class,
'Tis far too prosy for my frame of mind;
I'll stroll down Gloucester street to meet my lass,
And on to "Lover's Lane" our way we'll wind—
The Wishing Tree will listen as we pass,
And sigh and say, "Ah, yes, dear love is blind.

— JOHN WEYMOUTH.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class

1905-1906

Colors :

Olive and Black

Motto :

Fortune favors the brave—Excuse me while I hike!

Yell :

Quack ! Quack ! Quack ! Spit, Bim, Boff !
Run like H——, Ducs, here comes a Soph !

Favorite Song :

“Oh, Good-bye Booze !”

Officers :

President.....	W. E. EVANS
Secretary.....	C. C. BELL
Historian.....	S. H. LANE
Treasurer.....	R. F. STRONG



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class Roll

ALEXANDER, JOHN	Williamsburg, Va.	LANE, S. H.	Batesville, Va.
ALLEN, C. M.	Oral Oaks, Va.	LEWIS, A. W.	Minor, Va.
ARNOLD, V. L.	Waverly, Va.	LEWIS, E. B.	Howardsville, Va.
ATKINSON, D.	Etna Mills, Va.	LONGNECKER, C. F.	Bellows Falls, Vt.
AYRES, D.	Williamsburg, Va.	MASON, J. Y.	Mason Depot, Va.
BEALE, J. D.	Williamsburg, Va.	MILLER, J. H.	Hinton, W. Va.
BEAZLEY, W. L.	Sporta, Va.	MONCURE, F. P.	Fairfax, Va.
BELL, C. C.	South Norfolk, Va.	MONCURE, HENRY	Stafford C. H., Va.
BERRY, W. C.	Chase City, Va.	MUNDY, G. A.	Barboursville, Va.
BOLTON, R. L.	Boykin, Va.	NELSON, J. J.	Columbia, Va.
BONNEY, A. W.	Occana, Va.	NIBLETT, A. M.	Branchville, Va.
BOWDEN, F. J.	Zuni, Va.	NOLAND, T. B.	Ashburn, Va.
BRAY, G. C.	So. Norfolk, Va.	OWEN, W. C.	Green Bay, Va.
BRENT, J. H.	Heathsville, Va.	PARSLEY, J. A.	Williamsburg, Va.
BROOKS, R. S.	Chase City, Va.	PATTERSON, G. W.	Manteo, Va.
BROOKS, T. A.	Chase City, Va.	PAYNE, J. G.	White Stone, Va.
CAPPS, O. L.	Pungo, Va.	PERKINS, R. A.	Richmond, Va.
CAPPS, S. L.	Pungo, Va.	PERSON, C. E.	Williamsburg, Va.
CASEY, J. L.	Williamsburg, Va.	PETTY, J. L. JR.	Union Level, Va.
CHAPPELL, E. W.	Waverly, Va.	RABEY, C. E.	Deans, Va.
CLAY, W. T.	Blackstone, Va.	REID, L. B.	Chatham, Va.
COCKE, C. L.	Locust Creek, Va.	RUSTARD, C. O.	Norway, Va.
COCKE, M. C.	Locust Creek, Va.	SAYERS, B. C.	Bowen Springs, Va.
COLVIN, J. C.	Nokesville, Va.	SCHLOSSBERG, N. W.	Portsmouth, Va.
DAVIS, J. M.	Hardenburg, Va.	SCHOOLS, P. E.	New Town, Va.
DAWLEY, B. F.	Pedins, Va.	SETTLE, W. B.	Rappahannock, Va.
DAWLEY, CALEB	Pedins, Va.	SHELHORSE, EDWARD	Chatham, Va.
DEALE, A. V.	Deep Creek, Va.	SLATER, L. P.	Portsmouth, Va.
DILLARD, M. P.	Centercross, Va.	SMALL, R. B.	Jersey City, N. J.
DINGUS, R. C.	Coeburn, Va.	SNEAD, A. M.	Stafford C. H., Va.
DRIVER, J. G.	Hardenburg, Va.	SNIPE, E. L.	Zuni, Va.
DRISKILL, W. W.	Appomattox C. H., Va.	SNOW, C. C.	Wicomico, Va.
EDWARDS, E. T.	Washington, D. C.	SOWERS, F. H.	Waxpool, Va.
EVANS, W. E. JR.	Richmond, Va.	STONE, C. H.	Richmond, Va.
FORBES, F. L. A.	Lynchburg, Va.	STRONG, R. F.	Willis, Va.
GALE, J. B.	Bobs, Va.	STRYKER, R. P.	Grove, Va.
GEORGE, P. H.	Fairfax, Va.	SULFFRIGE,	Coeburn, Va.
GWALTNEY, A.	Iota, Va.	TERRELL, W. S.	Ullaine, Va.
HALL, C. W.	Great Ridge, Va.	TOMPKINS, H. F.	Guinneys, Va.
HALL, C. C.	Great Ridge, Va.	TRAVIS, T. G.	Newport News, Va.
HOLBORN, L. A.	Great Ridge, Va.	TUCKER, G. H.	South Boston, Va.
HALL, C. A.	Hickory, Va.	TURNER, J. F.	Zuni, Va.
HANKINS, CYRUS,	Williamsburg, Va.	VAUGHN, L. H.	Pedins, Va.
HANDBACK, L. A.	Opal, Va.	WALTON, A. M.	Essex, Va.
HARWOOD, A. G.	Grove, Va.	WATSON, O. B.	Roanoke, Va.
HOLBROOK, J. W.	Dwina, Va.	WEST, T. F. JR.	Huon, Va.
HUBBARD, D. D.	York, Va.	WHITE, J. S.	Warrenton, Va.
HUNTINGTON, C. C. JR.	Memphis, Tenn.	WHITE, G. G.	Abingdon, Va.
IRVING, F. H.	Cartersville, Va.	WOLFE, C. F.	Williamsburg, Va.
LANE, R. W.	Pedins, Va.		

Freshman Class History

The class of 1909 soon will have finished its first year of toilsome pleasure in this old historic town and college.

We believe we have brought honor to ourselves, and done credit to the college by our efforts to follow the directions of our self-sacrificing instructors, for our class has several very brilliant members. Two, also, made the football team, and others did not fail in their first course of gymnasium exercise. In addition to being well represented in athletics, we have taken part in all the dances and receptions that entertain the beautiful and witty.

We claim the handsomest, ugliest, wittiest, silliest, laziest, and fattest boys in the college.

When we arrived here, we were met with open arms and black looks by the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, but in spite of their open arms they straightway dubbed us "Ducs," and forthwith proceeded to entertain us in a most charming way.

We, being from the rural districts, thought we knew all about the raising of fowls, but to our amazement, we found that "Ducs" at William and Mary were raised on paddles; particular attention being paid to the development of the leg muscles.

We were not a little surprised to find that English, Mathematics and Latin became insignificant compared with the all-important study of politeness, as taught us by the Sophomores.

Notwithstanding the crudeness of some of our gallant boys from the country, the influence of the Sophomores has materially benefited all students of the "Duc" class.

The Sophomores accuse us of being proud. Yes, we are proud, proud of having some of the dressiest boys in college, one especially being worthy of mention in this history. He is a man of keen intellect, a man that stands up for the rights of the "Ducs," a man that is far above criticism, and is commonly known as the "Doctor" of our class.

There is not a man that is not worthy of special mention in this history, but as space does not permit me to write their individual histories, I shall leave it to more intellectual men.

Now, that the session is drawing to a close, and we have learned how to blow out the electric lights, not to cut lectures, and, above all, not to skip chapel—at a time when our midnight slumber is no more disturbed by the vigilant committee from the Sophomores; when all nature has resumed its usual course, and a sublime calm of intellectual repose, of absolute quietness, has fallen over the entire "Duc" element of the student body, we are allowed to look farward with sweet pleasure to the joys and privileges of next year, when we shall be budding, blooming, blustering, bloodthirst Sophomores.

S. H. LANE.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

By the Seashore

(An Ode)

I.

The sea is sad tonight;
Her swelling bosom heaves and falls
And long, low sobs disturb her dream
Beneath the white cliff-walls.
The westerling moon hung bright
To me doth seem
A memory of departed light,
Whose hopeful glow
Hath left the world, dear heart, so long ago.

II.

And there is sadness in the sky and sea and air:
The waves are moaning on the shore;
And all their song is hopeless, love,
Despair forevermore.
Oh Life! their moans are on my heart,
Their questioning all in vain;
For fast the tide of faith and hope
Withdraws—to never rise again.

III.

Afar the dim white ships
Pass out upon the ebbing tide:
They sink from sight below the sky-met verge
Into the unknown wide.
The darkness holds them, oh, my soul! the long,
Eternal shadows that await
Our passage thither, where
We, too, shall learn our fate.

IV.

The cold, pale stars
Look down upon the sea,
And silent, from the world-stretched vault,
Commiserate with me.
They shine upon the few, far-scattered sails
That drift they know not where, nor guess
How little it avails—
How little whither drives the wind,
Or how their course is steered;
For all alike must touch the verge,
One moment hesitate,
Then in the under-world submerge.

V.

The distant harbor lights,
All glimmering in the far-off haze,
Die slowly, one by one,
Across the misty waves.
As further from the shore I draw away,
With course begun,
The lights upon my soul's horizon fade,
E'er half the way is run.
They die within the growing dark,
Which ne'er will have an ending here,
Nor there nor anywhere,
Afar or near.

VI.

Moan on, thou wind-reft sea,
Thy funeral dirge doth fit
This hour and time, when I alone
Muse silently with thee.
My life is drifting on the ebbing tide,
Like flotsam on the outward flow;
And so I go
Toward that vastness dim and wild,
The darkness and the mist;
A ship without a helm, the sails unfilled,
Where'er the winds doth list.
Thy breakers murmur on the shore,
And dio like hope forevermore.
The sombre night encircles all.
The clouds arise, the billows beat
In mingled roar.
My feet
Grow tired, and my languid eyes
Await the long, long sleep
With dreariness and pain.
And now aweary I would creep
To earth, and lie me down again.

—KEITH WILMER.

A Dream Tryst

Out of the shifting shadowy mist,
Where the golden sunbeams faintly glow;
Where the dreams of the present hold their tryst
With the shades of the Long ago;

Comes the remembrance of childhood days,
As we seem to sip of Youth's fountain again;
And the bonfire lights of our boyhood blaze
O'er the paths we have trod as men.

In the fields where the daisies were drifts of snow,
And where buttercups spread like a carpet of gold;
Where the shadows of children played to and fro,
As they laughed and rollicked and rolled;

Faces and voices of Long Ago,
Like phantoms fit and like echoes call;
And shadowy hands shadowy-kisses blow,
And soft melodies rise and fall.

Stealing softly away from the rest
One wee winsome shadow wanders apart;
Then phantom-like flits like a bird to its nest,
And nestles into my heart. —T. R.

It Is Rumored

That Hozier won't get his degree if he persists in neglecting his academic duties for social and athletic pursuits.

That Floyd Hughes attended French several times last session.

That S. R. Warner missed dinner three times since Xmas, and we regret to say is looking much thinner.

That Dr. Tyler expects to attend chapel on the first day of June.

That J. R. Hinton has accepted a position to teach boxing at Wish-Wash Academy.

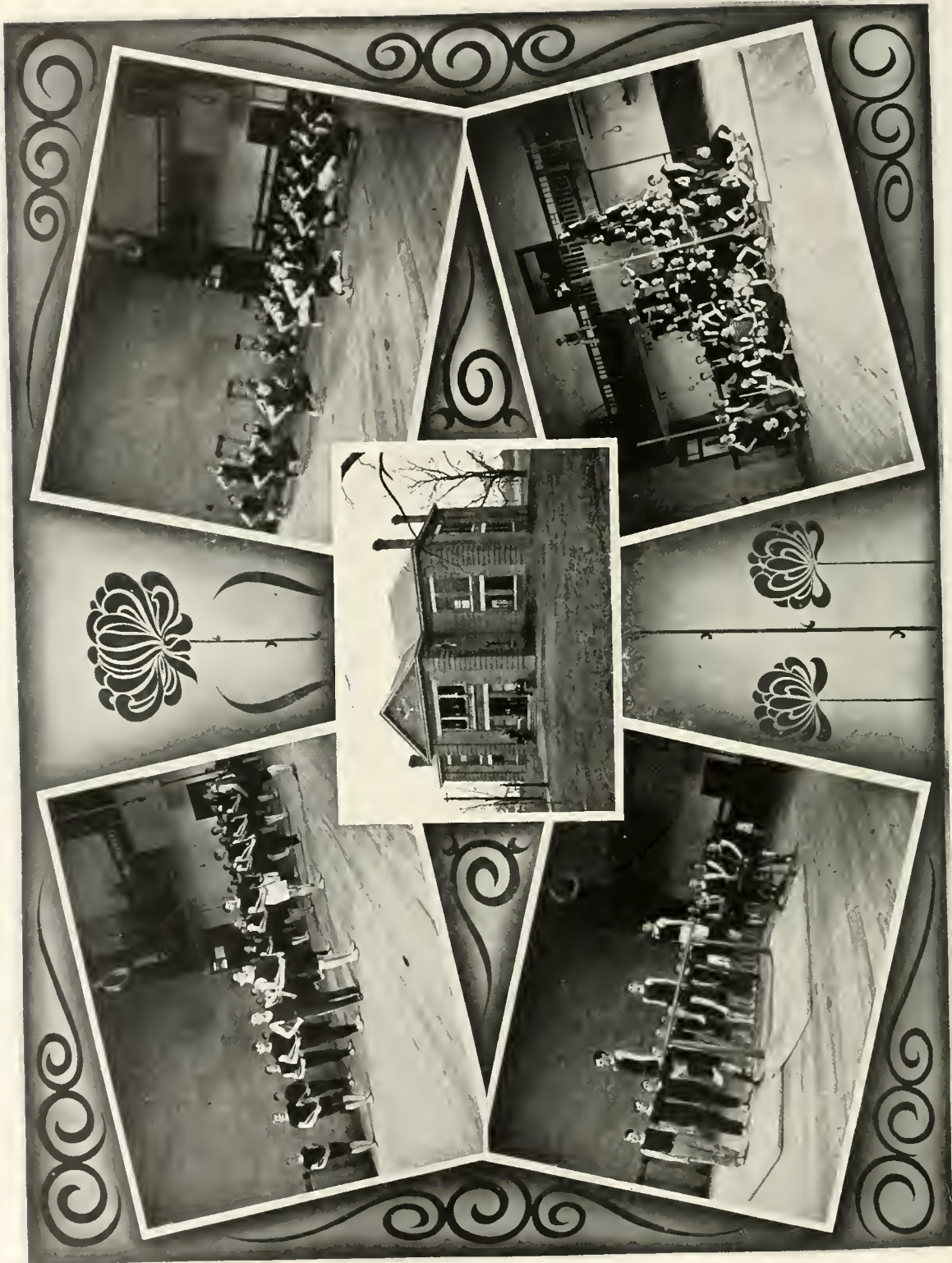
PROF. CRAWFORD
AND PROF. COFFEY, BOTH
ABSENT; TAKING CALICO
PROF. RITCHIE WAS
DETAINED AT HOME
PULLING WEEDS.

I WONDER WHERE
MY BLACKWELL AND
HUBBARD
ARE ?

FACULTY MEETING

FROM A DUCK'S POINT OF VIEW

FAHMYJUN 06



GYMNASTIC GROUP.



This is one of the most important phases of college life, especially to the man who glories in the excitement of the gridiron and diamond, and is ready and willing to put forth every effort in his power, in order to see the banner of the old Orange and White in triumph wave.

We have not been as successful this year as we were last, but it is not the fault of the students, nor the ones at the head of this department, as everything that could be done was done by both students and faculty to make it a success. They came forward in time of need, and gave their most hearty support both financially and morally.

Those who know anything of athletics are aware of the fact that this is one of the first requisites of successful athletics, for without this but little can be accomplished.

Our football record of the past season was not what it might have been, for we had to battle against sickness, which was a greater and far more formidable antagonist than the different teams which we met on the gridiron.

The prospects for a successful team at the beginning of the season were brighter than they were last year. Rapid progress was made for the first two weeks under the excellent management of our present physical director and last year's coach, Mr. J. Merrill Blanchard, and the captainship of Mr. C. E. Johnson. However, about October 1, measles and other sickness began to work havoc among our men, disabling some of our best players, and this state of affairs lasted throughout the entire season. There were only three men on the team who were not, at some time or other during the season, hindered from practice by sickness. While our ranks were greatly thinned, and defeat seemed to stare us in the face at every turn, our boys did not give up, but made a brave fight to the last.

On November 23rd we met the team from Richmond College in the championship contest in Richmond. In the first half, our boys showed their excellent team work and kept the ball in the enemy's territory almost all the time, scoring one touch down. It seemed as though victory was surely ours, but early in the second half they began to show exhaustion, due to sickness and lack of practice. Then Richmond, by a fine system of fake plays, started skirting our ends for long gains, and thus the game was lost.

But though we lost the first championship game, and Capt. Johnson was no longer with us on account of his having typhoid fever, we did not give up in despair, but put forth every effort in getting up a team to play Randolph-Macon on the following Saturday. This team was made up mostly of second team men. Long will this day be remembered by those who saw the game,—how our team, though light compared with our opponents, fought bravely to the last. They did their best and lost, but fellow comrades, our hearts go out in thanks to you for your excellent work and the way in which you endured the many hardships with which you came in contact.

The Track Meet, a new and very promising feature of athletics in which we have taken part this year, has proven very interesting; and our team, although new at this work, has made a very creditable showing both at Richmond and Norfolk. Track Athletics, though comparatively new to most of our Southern Colleges, bids fair to become a leading feature; and it is our sincere hope that it may, as it advertises the college in a way that no other form of athletics can.

Basketball, also a comparatively new feature of athletics with us, has been quite a success, in spite of the fact that our team did not begin practicing until late in the season. Under the efficient management of Mr. Blanchard and Captain Watson, the team made fine progress, and had a most successful season, which ended in our winning the basketball championship of the State. The team should be praised for its remarkable development, and the players congratulated for their splendid success.

Our annual goes to press too early for baseball, as the season has just begun. There are only three of the men back who made the team last year, but the new men show grit and determination, which is a good sign. With Capt. Marsden and Manager Henley at the head of this department, we predict a successful season, for the old proverb says,—“Where there is a will there is a way.”

Our Athletic Association has a large membership, and we are glad to say that we can call a meeting at almost any time and receive liberal contributions for athletic purposes.

We regret the loss of our old football manager, J. A. Carson, who has done much for the improvement of athletics at William and Mary and has for the past three years managed the team to the satisfaction of all.

We feel sure that Mr. J. W. Heflin, our manager for the season of 1907, will make us a good officer, and with him as manager and G. G. Hankins as captain, we see the star of William and Mary's athletics brighten, and feel sure that great things will be accomplished on the gridiron during the coming season.

Games Played

FOOTBALL

Hampton Athletics 0.....	W. & M. 6
Richmond College 0.....	W. & M. 0
Richmond College 0.....	W. & M. 4
Maryland Agricultural College 17.....	W. & M. 0
V. M. I. 22.....	W. & M. 0
Richmond College 17.....	W. & M. 5
Randolph-Macon College 28.....	W. & M. 0

BASKETBALL

Hampton Independents 7.....	W. & M. 6
Hampton Athletics 10.....	W. & M. 14
University of Virginia 0.....	W. & M. 2
Hampton Independents 14.....	W. & M. 21
Newport News 19.....	W. & M. 22



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Officers of Athletic Association

President, I. T. WILKINSON

Vice-President, E. B. FAISON

Secretary and Treasurer, J. N. HUBBARD

Football Department

Manager, J. A. CARSON

Assistant Manager, J. W. HEFLIN

Baseball Department

Manager, R. E. HENLEY

Assistant Manager, G. L. H. JOHNSON

Executive Committee

J. B. TERRELL

W. R. WRIGGLESWORTH

S. A. McDONALD

Football Team

J. A. CARSON, Manager

STRONG HUNTINGTON HENNING	}Left End
JOHNSON (Captain)	Left Tackle
DOVELL	Left Guard
WILKINSON	Center
WATSON	Right Guard
HANKINS McDONALD	}Right Tackle
BARBER IRVING SMALL	}Right End
SOMERS MEADE	}Quarter Back
DOVELL	Left Half
DADE	Right Half
WALLS ABBITT	}Full

Basket Ball Team

B. C. FLANNAGAN, Manager

SMITH.....	Right Forward
DRIVER.....	Left Forward
WATSON (Capt.).....	Center
ELLIS.....	Right Guard
MARSDEN.....	Left Guard
SMALL.....	Substitute

Relay Team

LANE	MITCHELL
WALLS	
ABBITT	SMITH

Ring Hockey

ELLIS	SMALL
SMITH	MONCURE
DRIVER	



BASKETBALL, RELAY AND RING HOCKEY TEAMS.

The Ringer

The merest stranger might have felt the atmosphere of suppressed excitement that pervaded the whole of the little college world. Tomorrow was to be the great day. The football team had won the cup in the previous fall and now for the first time in years the old college would gain the athletic championship of the session if only they could be the victors in tomorrow's baseball game. Never had a team been more confident of success than this one, until that woeful surprise came on this, the very last night before the game. Now all was doubt and consternation.

In the afternoon just after the last train of the day had left the station, Ethel Woodhull had met Dick Chapman with a crowd of students coming up from the depot, and one look at his face convinced her that something was wrong. He left his companions and joined her. "What's the trouble, Dick?" she asked.

"Trouble enough," was his answer. "These fellows have brought a 'ringer' with them and he's to pitch tomorrow. I know he's a 'ringer.' I've seen him play in a professional game and he's a bird, too, let me tell you."

There was a tone in Dick's voice that betrayed to her sympathetic ears how much all this meant to him.

"But can't you have him ruled out?"

"Ruled out! How can we get the State Committee together before tomorrow afternoon? Besides, we've accepted the list that they sent us of the men on their team. The pitcher's name was given as John Wilkins, and we knew that there was a fellow whom they had been playing off that name who was a genuine student. This man's name is John Wilkins too. We appealed to their sense of honor, but it seemed that they had none. There's nothing to do, I suppose, but play them."

"Poor Dick," she said half banteringly, hoping to raise his spirits, if only a wee bit. "You do hate so to be beaten, don't you?"

"Beaten! I should think so! To have the championship stolen from the old place this way is an outrage! We could give them cards and spades and then beat them with Branch in the box. Ethel, I was so sure of winning"—Chapman was captain and pitched for the home team—"that I put up a hundred and fifty dollars on the game at odds of three to one."

Ethel's lips tightened and her eyes sparkled as she looked him in the face.

"Are you betting, Dick?" she queried.

"Yes," he answered doggedly, meeting her gaze.

"Then I hope you lose," her eyes flashed, "you promised me to stop, Dick. I'm glad they brought the 'ringer.'" He felt her whole manner change to him. But when he left her at her door she called to him, "Dick, will you bring that 'ringer' to see me tonight?" He did not answer. "Will you, Dick?"

"Yes," he said crossly, and walked on toward college.

Dick had never seen Ethel quite so fascinating as she was that night, but he knew that it wasn't for him that she displayed all her charms. She was always, he had thought, the dearest girl in the world, but tonight, whether she sang or talked or laughed—her laughter was the sweetest of music!—she was simply irresistible. But it was all too evident that her smiles were for the visitor.

"It's a shame, Mr. Wilkins," she said as they lingered on the steps, "for you to play tomorrow. You know you have no right to." He only smiled in answer.

"I don't believe I'll let you, anyway," she added half seriously.

"Keep me from it if you can," he replied banteringly. "You have my permission. I dare you to try," and he smiled at her so sweetly that Chapman could feel the blood boil up within him.

As they walked on up the dark street Wilkins was in the gayest of moods, and he managed to let Dick know that while he was bringing Ethel a glass of water, she had invited him to come on the morrow, before the game, to dinner. Dick's night was a restless one.

The Woodhulls had dinner at one o'clock on the next day and Wilkins rose from the table with the happy feeling of a man who has made the double conquest of a good meal and a fair damsel's heart.

"Now," cried Ethel joyously, "we must make some fudge to eat at the depot after the game."

Wilkins stole a sly look at his watch. There was a good hour yet before the game should begin, so he followed her into the kitchen. The room would have been dark as midnight but for the lamp burning on the table, for all the blinds were closed.

"Oh," said Ethel, smilingly, when she noticed his surprise, "it does seem funny, doesn't it? We always keep our blinds locked in here through the spring and summer to keep out the flies. Isn't that an idea? I thought of it all by myself and it works finely;—I should hate to eat a fly," she added shudderingly.

They cut up the chocolate together and measured out the sugar; then suddenly she gave a little cry, "Oh I forgot the vanilla! No, I must get it myself for you could never find it. Here, keep stirring it—so, until I come back," and she hastened out, closing the door behind her.

"She is the most charming girl I ever saw," muttered Wilkins to himself as he stood over the hot fire—stirring—stirring—stirring.

Upon the campus everything was bright with life and color. Pennants and ribbands of mingled hues were streaming in the bright spring sunlight. Girls with their escorts were coming from every direction to see the game. Horns were blowing and merry laughter was ringing from every happy group. In a few moments the game would be called.

What was the matter with the visitors? The few of them who were on the field were talking together excitedly. Here and there around the college grounds, or on the streets, others of them might be seen, singly or in pairs, hurrying about as though looking for some one. Wilkins was no where to be found!

Only Dick Chapman guessed where he might be, and with the thought his face flushed crimson. "This," he thought, "is the way Ethel treats a fellow, is it? And all because I made that confounded bet."

The game was begun with Wilkins still missing, and Chapman went into the box, perplexed and angry. Before three men were out, four runs had been made, and the hearts of the visitors grew bolder. Branch, who went into the box in the place of the missing Wilkins, pitched as well as he knew how to, and the home team made only one run.

In the second and third innings, the visitors found it an easy matter to send the ball flying far out into the field and their score steadily increased while Branch was striking out the home players with consistent regularity. But in the fourth inning matters began to change. Chapman was getting himself under control and Branch was evidently beginning to weaken. By the end of the seventh inning the score stood ten to nine in favor of the visitors. Their victory would be sure if they only could find Wilkins. All the substitutes were sent out to make another search for him. They were told not to come back until they found him. The need was great; Branch was going to pieces.

The eighth inning closed with a tie score eleven to eleven, and in the first half of the last inning, one more run was brought in, to the credit of the visiting team. Wilkins had not been found. If they could put him in the box now, the game would be won, for he was a remarkable pitcher and would come fresh to the work. They contested every decision; they had long disputes with the umpire; they delayed matters in every way that they could, but all to no purpose. Wilkins was not found and the game went on without him.

One run tied the score; the second won the game. Then it was that pandemonium broke loose. The diamond echoed and re-echoed with the shouts and yells of the students. One more run was added to the score before the game ended and then again the uproar began. Hats and canes were thrown about in delight; men fell joyously into each others arms and the orange flags flapped and fluttered above the crowd as though conscious of their victory.

Just five minutes before the train left that was to carry away the defeated players, John Wilkins, looking angry and sullen, came hurriedly into the depot. A crowd of eager, indignant, questioning students surrounded him, but he answered them curtly enough.

"It was impossible for me to get there," he growled, "and that's all there is to it. I've got no explanation to make." And do all that they could, his questioners were unable to persuade him to tell where he had been.

After the train had gone, as Chapman strolled up from the depot, he heard Ethel call him from where she stood leaning on her gate.

"Did you win, Dick?" she queried timidly.

"Yes," he said crossly.

"The—the 'ringer' didn't pitch, did he, Dick?" There was a mischievous smile about her lips as she put the question.

"No; the quitter hid away somewhere. That's just like such fellows." Dick spoke angrily.

"You stupid Dick," she laughed. "How could he help it when I had him locked in the kitchen with all the blinds nailed up. Oh but he was mad when he got out!"

What Dick said then, or what he did, there is no need to relate, for it was growing dark and no one saw him.

A little later, in the drawing-room, a repentant sinner was saying: "And I thought you were just trying to make me angry."

"Dick, he was a 'ringer,' wasn't he?"

"Oh I did tell him such fibs," cooed a soft little voice in answer. "But you won't bet any more; and Dick, he was a 'ringer,' wasn't he?" T. R.

Baseball Team

R. E. HENLEY, Manager

LONGNECKER	Catcher
MARSDEN	First Base
LEWIS	Second Base
SOMERS	Third Base
HENING } MILLER } RIDDICK }	Pitchers
SLATER	Left Field
WOLF } FRANCK }	Center Field
DRIVER	Right Field
WYNKOOP	Short Stop



BASEBALL SQUAD.

A Toast

Here's to the girl with deep blue eyes,
And clear like the mellow light,
That tinges the grey of the morning skies
With colour soft and bright.

Here's to the girl with hair of brown,
And tinged with a hue of gold,
Like that which wraps the world around
When the evening shades enfold.

Here's to the girl with radiant smile
For each and every one,
That's innocent, sweet and free from guile,
And full of merry fun.

Here's to the girl of fairy form
That flits through the sad some world,
And lends sweet light to a dark some storm
With the charms of a girlish girl.

Here's to the girl with winsome ways
That's gentle, kind and good,
That cheers the toil of weary days
And sorrows rough and rude.

Here's to the girl with sweet pure soul,
With a heart that's firm and true,
That all the joys of life enfold—
My sweetheart, here's to you.

—J. A. CARSON.

We hear on Good Authority

That it was before an audience drawn from his own class that John Wagner first gave that famous selection of his beginning:

“June-bug flies 'round in June,
Lightning-bug in May”;

That Dr. Coffey visits San Francisco very often, it is so near;

That Coach Blanchard expects to spend a whole week in Williamsburg before long;

That Kid Faison is making an effort to overcome his inclination to cheer at elections and similar occasions of rejoicing.



Intercollegiate Debate

Randolph-Macon College vs. William and Mary College

Held in William and Mary Chapel Friday, April 6th, 1906

Question :

Resolved : That it should be the policy of the United States not to hold territory permanently, except with the purpose that it shall ultimately enjoy statehood.

Affirmative :

ALFRED P. JAMES, CLIFTON F. MCCLINTIC
of Randolph-Macon

Negative :

JOHN W. HEFLIN, EMMETT B. FAISON
of William and Mary

Decision rendered in favor of the negative

Sonnet to Falstaff

When the great Bard of Avon gave to men
Those matchless songs whose beauty never dies,
Which when once heard, must be heard yet again
Yielding each time some new and glad surprise;
He swept the chords of the great human heart,
Struck notes of love, fear, hate, and sorrow grave,
Ran the whole gamut in its every part
With songs of hero, coward, queen and knave;
Then, deftly changing from so sad a key,
Lest he should long to laugh away our tears,
He struck a lighter note and gave us—thee—
Thou living jest, improving with the years,
Thy mirth for others' sadness well atones;
"One hearty laugh is worth a hundred groans."

—JAMES D'ORSAY, '03.

To Estellene

You ask me why I love thee, Estellene?
Oh, why did Marcus Anthony I pray
Worship Egypt's dark and beauteous queen?
Oh! why did Paris Helen steal away
From Menelaus's tent at night unseen?
Oh! why did Dante linger by the way
For one more glimpse of Beatrice serene,
Or Petrarch wander at the close of day
With Laura among Italy's meadows green?
Some souls it seems some other souls do sway
With love infinite, even so I ween
Mine is by thine; my hungering soul I lay
Down at thy feet an offering, Estellene.

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The Practice School

In the days when men were needed to form a nation, William and Mary was in the forefront of those who met the demand of the hour, and now that the need is to preserve the nation through the intelligent citizenship of the masses, William and Mary is meeting the need none the less nobly by sending



OUR FUTURE CITIZENS.

out young men trained to develop into self-controlled, conscientious voters and law keepers—the little urchins of our State and of our Southland. The high standard of culture for the individual, for which we have always stood, is worthy, and is to be maintained, but this is an age when service to humanity is the *raison d' être* for any culture. And the step into this newer realization of the social obligation has been made by William and Mary in the establishment of the department of education with its practice school. All thinking people realize that perhaps the greatest menace to this land of liberty is the foreigner or native who has thrust upon him the power of the vote, and, knowing nothing of the responsibility which comes with it, is bought or sold by other untrained, corrupt men for personal gain. So the departments of Education and Sociology have arisen in all our leading Universities, that we may know how to grapple this problem and save the voter and through him the country. William and Mary is one of the few schools in the South attempting this work by training young men as teachers, and the South is showing her appreciation of the work of the Practice School by calling for these experienced young men as fast as they can be sent out. No department of the college has shown more growth since its establishment than the Practice School.

Seventeen years ago, when the work was started by Prof. H. S. Bird, and Miss Lucy L. Davis, there was one room, one professional teacher, and thirty pupils. Now, there are four teachers, four rooms and five grades, including one hundred and thirty children.

From the beginning, the principles of the Practice School have been self-control, self-development, through self-activity, and the social obligations. Always, the



THE PRACTICE SCHOOL.

work in literature, nature study and history has been of an unusually high order. Manual training and the arts have been given as far as it has been possible without equipment. But most valuable of all has been the sympathetic attitude toward the child and his consequent naturalness, spontaneity and joy in right doing. A superintendent said he knew when he entered a school taught by a graduate of William and Mary—because the children were happy and busy.

In looking back over the seventeen years' life of this school, from its beginning to the great good it is doing now, one feels that those who established it saw beyond the present, and those who have toiled on without equipment holding fast to their high ideals knew something of heroism.

During the past year, a kindergarten and a large garden have been forward steps. The kindergarten has been added because it is the basis of a child's education, and because the principles which should apply in all education are absolutely necessary in the work of the kindergarten. The garden is to be divided into plots, one for each

child, for which he will be held responsible and which will become the basis of work in language, the science of botany, geology, etc., art, manual training, and cooking.

Plans are being made for an addition to the building, which will include rooms for gymnasium, assembly, the kindergarten, manual training, and cooking. New teachers are to be added and with more room, more children can be received, and so the watchword is still *growth*, and better service, to the Town, the State, the South, the Country.



THE NEW EDUCATION.

The present faculty of the school includes:

MISS NANNIE CARRINGTON DAVIS, *Principal*;

MISS MARGARET MURPHY, *Instructor in Kindergarten*;

MISS PINKIE MORECOCK, *Fourth Grade*;

MR. JAS. A. CARSON, JR., *Third Grade*;

and twenty assistants in kindergarten from the Senior class in education.

Step Lightly, Oh, Step Lightly!

I.

Step lightly, oh, step lightly!
Trip thou on the turfed floor,
For the mystic sheen of daylight
Fades away forevermore,
And the glittering stars above us,
In their matchless grace unknown,
Twinkle—twinkle—ever twinkle,
Doorways to the great white throne.

II.

Step lightly, oh, step lightly!
Let thy footsteps silent be,
For the golden beams of moonlight
Dance upon the darksome sea,
And the fiery beams of firelight
Gaily flitter on the wall,
With the sound of surging waters
As they gently rise and fall.

III.

Step lightly, oh, step lightly!
Let thy clarion voice be still,
For from out the fir tree's rustle
Gaily sings the whippoorwill,
And the moonbeams flitter ever
In their silence on the sea,
While from out the distant woodland
Muffled murmurs come to me.

IV.

Step lightly, oh, step lightly!
Let thy loneliness be still,
For from out the golden meadow
Comes a greater sovereign will,
And the firelights flitter ever
In their silence on the wall,
While from out the mystic woodland
Grim-like phantoms rise and fall.

—D. E. Iram.

Familiar Proverbs

"Everyone to his heels," as the Freshman said when he pulled the Dean's fence down.

"Don't count your credits before you have erammed."

"All that glitter are not sharks."

"The better part of bluffing is discretion."

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

"A dollar in hand is worth two loaned to a friend."

"Go slow and get left."

"A friend in need is a friend to steer shy of."

Grinds

- "Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled." Fulford
 "Thou hath the fatal gift of beauty." E. W. Young
 "A college joke to cure the dumps." Dr. Hankins
 "Mirth, with thee I mean to live." Hubbard
 "Note the pain he seems to undergo
 "As he trips the light fantastic toe."—(With apologies to Milton) West
 "How long, O God, how long?" Williamsburg Girls
 "His bark is worse than his bite." Dr. Hall
 "The magic of a face." Ebell
 "How can I leave thee." (The dinner table). Dalton
 "This fellow is wise enough to play the fool." Ewell
 "And had a face like a blessing." Smyth
 "How like a river, largest at the mouth." "Tommy" Etheridge
 "I would have been married long ago, but all the girls
 are so d——d particular." Durkee
 "An old man broken with the storms of State." Koontz
 "Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Hughes
 "I have touched the highest point of my greatness." Pretlow
 "Top-knot, come down!" Hillman
 "A mighty huntress, and her prey is man." Williamsburg Girls
 "What dost the sweet child in this wicked place?" Zachary
 "The very pink of discourtesy." J. S. White
 "With devotion's visage and pious actions, we do
 sugar over the devil himself." H. H. Young
 "Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying." Hubbard
 "I feel as though I really knew as much as any teacher." Shewmake
 "I'd rather be right than president, and I'd rather be
 drunk than right, bedad!" Williams
 "His worth is warrant for his welcome." Prof. Louthan
 "A needy, hollow-eyed sharp-looking wretch." Henley
 "A living dead man." Flournoy
 "In arguing, too, the teacher owned his skill,
 "For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still." Prof. Stubbs
 "Meagre were his looks; sharp misery
 had worn him to the bone." Campbell
 "Laziness personified." F. W. Lewis
 "I am no orator as Brutus was, I only speak right on." Settle
 "Oh, that I were Bishop of all the world, I would
 create a non-sectarian religion." Dr. Hall
 "I would rather be right than have the good-will of the
 student body."—The cherubs (?) who attended chapel and classes on
 Washington's birthday.
 "Soprano, basso, even the contralto,
 Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto." Chichester
 "Cheered up himself with ends of verse and
 sayings of philosophers." J. F. Jones
 "Not to know me argues yourself unknown." Marsden
 "He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone." Barber
 "Ideas wanted." Hoges
 "Be wise;
 "Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise." Miller
 "I was not born for courts, or great affairs;
 "I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers." G. G. Hankins
 "The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
 "But this man never deviates into sense." Abbitt
 "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." Coleman
 "Assume a virtue, if you have it not." Smith
 "By outward show let's not be cheated;
 An ass should like an ass be treated." Jamison
 "Be not righteous overmuch." Small
 "O Lawd, please help dis po' fool."—(Prayer) Hening

FRATERNITIES



Φ. Β. Κ.

Κ. Ε.

Π. Κ. Α.

Κ. Α.

Θ. Δ. Χ.

Σ. Φ. Ε.

Phi Beta Kappa Society

The Phi Beta Kappa Society was born at the College of William and Mary during the early part of the Revolution. Its advent, however, was peaceful and peaceable: its founders were too young to take much part in the drama of war and bloodshed going on around them. This ancient society was organized December 5, 1776, and lived but four years before it was broken up by the Revolution. By the first of January, 1781, the storm came so near the old College that she closed her doors and sent many of her sons with the patriot army; the papers of the Phi Beta Kappa Society were turned over to the College steward, to be kept "until the joyful event of the society—its resurrection." These papers were lost. The young society went into a deep sleep at the parent chapter, and was not revived until 1849.

Meanwhile, chapters had been established at Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth. These flourished and brought new lustre to the Society.

The mother chapter, in her first lustrum, initiated about sixty members. Of these, many became distinguished as orators, publicists, statesmen; while the New England chapters elected many of the most brilliant youth of their section. Consequently, Phi Beta Kappa attained a national prestige, which she has never lost to the present day.

Originally, Phi Beta Kappa was an undergraduate literary and social society. In some respects, it was like the Greek-letter fraternities of our day. After the advent of these fraternities, however, Phi Beta Kappa gave up the undergraduate feature and elected star men from the upper classes. She now occupies a post-graduate relation to the other Greek-letter societies; she does not compete with them; an upperclassman can belong to both.

At William and Mary, resident students are not elected. After a student leaves college, he may be invited to join the Phi Kappa. It is made a high honor, neither money nor social importance having any weight in the matter; he must deserve the honor.

The Civil War, like the Revolution, broke up the old Society. After the war, a few men were initiated, but no records were kept. Only a few members of the post-bellum period are living. In 1893, the chapter was put upon a permanent basis. Since then, it has grown in strength and importance, until it has become a very influential organization; until its help is sought by large institutions desiring chapters.

There are two classes of members at William and Mary. First, the young alumni, elected for special promise in letters and education; second, the honorary members, as they might be called, men already distinguished in letters, science, education, and public life. There are now about a hundred living members of this chapter; and the annual celebration is one of the most important literary events of the year.



Directory of Kappa Sigma

- Beta*.—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Gamma.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Delta.—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Zeta.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Eta.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Theta.—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Iota.—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Kappa.—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Mu.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Nu.—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Xi.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Pi.—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Sigma.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Tau.—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon.—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Phi.—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Chi.—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Psi.—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Omega.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha-Alpha.—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha-Beta.—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Alpha-Gamma.—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Alpha-Delta.—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
Alpha-Epsilon.—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha-Zeta.—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Alpha-Eta.—Columbia University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Theta.—Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn.
Alpha-Kappa.—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Alpha-Lambda.—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Alpha-Mu.—University of North Carolina, Chappel Hill, N. C.
Alpha-Nu.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Alpha-Pi.—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Alpha-Rho.—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Alpha-Sigma.—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Alpha-Tau.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha-Upsilon.—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha-Phi.—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Alpha-Chi.—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
Alpha-Psi.—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Alpha-Omega.—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
Beta-Alpha.—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Beta-Beta.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Beta-Gamma.—Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.
Beta-Delta.—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Beta-Epsilon.—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Beta-Zeta.—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford, University, Cal.
Beta-Eta.—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Beta-Theta.—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Beta-Iota.—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Beta-Kappa.—New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H.
Beta-Lambda.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Beta-Mu.—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beta-Nu.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Beta-Xi.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Beta-Omicron.—University of Denver, University Park, Col.
Beta-Pi.—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
Beta-Rho.—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
Beta-Sigma.—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Beta-Tau.—Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.
Beta-Upsilon.—North Carolina, A. and M. College, Raleigh, N. C.

Beta-Phi.—Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

Beta-Chi.—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Beta-Psi.—University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

Beta-Omega.—Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col.

Gamma-Alpha.—University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Gamma-Beta.—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Gamma-Delta.—Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass.

Gamma-Gamma.—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.

Gamma-Eta.—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Gamma-Theta.—University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho.

Eta-Prime.—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Alumni Associations

Boston, Massachusetts.

Danville, Virginia.

Waco, Texas.

Washington, District of Columbia.

Norfolk, Virginia.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

New York City, New York.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Chicago, Illinois.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Ruston, Louisiana.

Memphis, Tennessee.

Buffalo, New York.

San Francisco, California.

Denver, Colorado.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Concord, North Carolina.

Ithaca, New York.

Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Los Angeles, California.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Nu Chapter

University of Bologna, 1400

University of Virginia, 1867

Colors :

Scarlet, White and Emerald Green.

Flower :

Lily of the Valley.

Frater in Facultate

PRESIDENT LYON G. TYLER, LL. D.

In Collegio

JAMES GLENN DRIVER

GEORGE JACKSON DURFEY

JOHN TYLER ELLIS

ROBERT WARE GALT

EDWARD LE BARON GOODWIN

JOHN WALKER HEFLIN

ROBERT EDWARD HENLEY

FRANK WARING LEWIS

MARS LEWIS

JOSEPH WILLIAM MEADE

JULIAN HAROLD MILLER

JOHN YOUNG STOCK MITCHELL, JR.

LESLIE REID

WILLIAM BARBEE SETTLE

HERBERT NASH TUCKER

THOMAS FENTON WEST, JR.

In Urbe

FREDERICK R. HYNSON

LITTLEBURY S. FOSTER, JR.

JAMES B. JONES

JOHN BLAIR SPENCER

THOMAS PEACHY SPENCER

W. SPENCER HENLEY





Pi Kappa Alpha Directory

Founders

*FREDERICK SOUTHGATE TAYLOR Norfolk, Va.
 JULIEN E. WOOD Elizabeth City, N. C.
 L. W. TAZEWELL Norfolk, Va.
 *ROBERTSON HOWARD, M. D. Washington, D. C.
 *JAMES B. SCLATER Richmond, Va.
 *Deceased.

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Beta—Davidson College, N. C.
Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Delta—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Zeta—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Eta—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Theta—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Iota—Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Kappa—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
Mu—Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.
Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Omicron—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Pi—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Rho—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Tau—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Phi—Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
Chi—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Psi—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahunega, Ga.
Omega—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha-Alpha—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha-Beta—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Alpha-Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha-Delta—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha-Epsilon—North Carolina A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.
Alpha-Zeta—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha-Eta—University of Florida, Lake City, Fla.
Alpha-Theta—West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha-Iota—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha-Kappa—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Alumni Chapters

Alumnus Alpha Richmond, Va.
Alumnus Beta Memphis, Tenn.
Alumnus Gamma White Sulphur Springs, West, Va.
Alumnus Delta Charleston, S. C.
Alumnus Epsilon Norfolk, Va.
Alumnus Zeta Dillon, S. C.
Alumnus Eta New Orleans, La.
Alumnus Theta Dallas, Texas.
Alumnus Iota Knoxville, Tenn.
Alumnus Kappa Charlottesville, Va.
Alumnus Lambda Opelika, Ala.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Gamma Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1871

Chapter Flower :

Pansy

Yell:

Rah! Rah! Ralpha!
Rah! Rah! Ralpha!
Gamma! Gamma!
Pi Kappa Alpha!

Fratres in Collegio

C. M. BARNES
J. H. BRENT
A. L. BLACKWELL
C. B. BOWLES
J. A. CARSON
R. B. DADE

G. G. HANKINS
J. N. HUBBARD
FLOYD HUGHES, JR.
W. B. NEWCOMB
J. S. WHITE
G. G. WHITE

E. F. SHEWMAKE

Frater in Urbe

DR. G. A. HANKINS





Kappa Alpha Directory

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Delta—Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Epsilon—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia.
Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.
Theta—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Kentucky.
Kappa—Mereer University, Macon, Georgia.
Lambda—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.
Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Alabama.
Xi—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Omicron—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Pi—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Sigma—Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.
Upsilon—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Phi—Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama.
Chi—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
Psi—Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Omega—Central University of Kentucky, Danville, Kentucky.
Alpha-Alpha—University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
Alpha Beta—University of Alabama, University, Alabama.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Alpha Delta—William Jewel College, Liberty, Missouri.
Alpha Zeta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Alpha Eta—Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri.
Alpha Theta—Kentucky University, Lexington, Kentucky.
Alpha Kappa—University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri.
Alpha Lambda—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.
Alpha Mu—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.
Alpha Nu—George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Xi—University of California, Berkeley, California.
Alpha Omicron—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford, California.
Alpha Rho—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, West Virginia.
Alpha Sigma—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Georgia.
Alpha Tau—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha Upsilon—University of Mississippi, University, Mississippi.
Alpha Phi—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha Chi—Kentucky Wesleyan University, Winchester, Kentucky.
Alpha Omega—Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina, Raleigh, North Carolina.
Beta Alpha—Missouri School of Mines, Rolla, Missouri.
Beta Beta—Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia.
Beta Gamma—College of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina.
Beta Delta—Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky.
Beta Epsilon—Delaware College, Newark, Delaware.
Beta Zeta—University of Florida, Lake City, Florida.
Beta Eta—University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865

Colors :

Crimson and Old Gold

Flowers :

Magnolia and Red Rose

ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

Established in 1890

Chapter Flower :

Violet

Fratres in Collegio

ROBERT SIDNEY BROOCKS
THOMAS ALBERT BROOCKS
FRANK GARDINER BUTLER, JR.
BOWYER CAMPBELL
PEYTON MONCURE CHICHESTER
CUSTIS LEE COLEMAN
JAMES BANKARD T. T. DAVIES
GROVER ASHTON DOVELL
GUY ANSELL BOND DOVELL

HERBERT ROGERS ETHERIDGE
HENRY WOOD FLOURNOY
VIVIAN EVERETT HENING
JAMES FITZGERALD JONES
FRANK PITTS MONCURE
FRANK BENTLEY NOLAND
ROBERT MEREDITH PERKINS
EMMETT LEONARD RIDDICK
RUFUS MARION RIDDICK, JR.

In Urbe

THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, JR.
SPENCER LANE



E.L. RIDDICK



P.M. PERKINS



V.E. HENNING



H.R. ETHERIDGE



T.A. BROOKS



H.W. FLOURNOY



J.F. JONES



B. CAMPBELL



P.M. CHICHESTER



P.M. RIDDICK



F.P. MONGURE



G.A.B. DOVELL



F.B. NOLAN



G.A. DOVELL



P.S. BROOKS



F.G. BUTLER



C.L. COLEMAN



Theta Delta Chi Directory

<i>Beta</i> —Cornell University	1870
<i>Gamma Deuteron</i> —University of Michigan	1889
<i>Delta Deuteron</i> —University of California	1900
<i>Epsilon</i> —College of William and Mary	1853
<i>Zeta</i> —Brown University	1853
<i>Zeta Deuteron</i> —McGill University	1901
<i>Eta</i> —Bowdoin	1854
<i>Eta Deuteron</i> —Leland Stanford, Jr., University	1903
<i>Iota</i> —Harvard University	1856
<i>Iota Deuteron</i> —Williams College	1891
<i>Kappa</i> —Tufts College	1856
<i>Lambda</i> —Boston University	1877
<i>Mu Deuteron</i> —Amherst College	1885
<i>Nu Deuteron</i> —Lehigh University	1884
<i>Xi</i> —Hobart College	1857
<i>Omicron Deuteron</i> —Dartmouth College	1869
<i>Pi Deuteron</i> —College of the City of New York	1881
<i>Rho Deuteron</i> —Columbia University	1883
<i>Sigma Deuteron</i> —University of Wisconsin	1895
<i>Tau Deuteron</i> —University of Minnesota	1892
<i>Phi</i> —Lafayette College	1867
<i>Chi</i> —University of Rochester	1867
<i>Chi Deuteron</i> —George Washington University	1896
<i>Psi</i> —Hamilton College	1868

Graduate Associations

New England Association, Boston, Mass.	1884
New York Graduate Association, New York	1856
Southern Graduate Association, Washington, D. C.	1887
Central Graduate Association, Chicago, Ill.	1890
Buffalo Graduate Association, Buffalo, N. Y.	1891
New York Graduate Club, New York	1896
Pacific Association, Berkeley, Cal.,	1897
Rhode Island Alumni Association	1898
Haverhill Theta Delta Chi Association, Haverhill, Mass.	1900
The Frank J. Kline Association	1900
Western Pennsylvania Association	1903
Southern California Graduate Association	1903
Ohio Graduate Association	—

Charge Associations

Beta Graduate Association	1890
Kappa Graduate Association	1892
Lambda Graduate Association	1899
Xi Graduate Association	1899
Gamma Deuteron Association	1900
Mu Deuteron Alumni Association	1901
Chi Deuteron Graduate Association	1901
Rochester Graduate Association	1902
Zeta Deuteron Alumni Association	1902
Rho Deuteron Alumni Association	1902
Iota Alumni Association	1902
Sigma Deuteron Alumni Association	1903
Delta Deuteron Alumni Association	1903
Eta Deuteron Alumni Association	1904
Iota Deuteron Alumni Association	1904
Epsilon Alumni Association	1904
Phi Alumni Association	1904
Pi Deuteron Alumni Association	1904

Theta Delta Chi Fraternity

Founded at Union College, 1848

Colors :

Black, White and Blue

Flower :

Pink Carnation

EPSILON CHARGE

Established, 1853

Fratres in Collegio

FRANCIS O'KEEFFE, JR., '07

EMMETT BATES FAISON, '07

JOHN WILLIS ABBITT, '07

WM. HENRY PETTUS, '08

SELDEN R. WARNER, '08

Q. WILSON HODGES, '08

HENRY HOWARD MARSDEN, '08

OSCAR BRUCE WATSON, '08

ARTHUR CLINTON SMITH, '09

RAYMOND B. SMALL, '09

Frater in Urbe

ROBERT HALL STANDING

E
OF

THETA

DELTA

CHI.



H.H. MARSDEN



F. O'KEEFE



E.B. FAISON



J.M. ABBOTT



S.R. WARNER



W.H. PETTUS



O.B. WATSON



O.W. MOORE



A.C. SMITH



R.B. SMALL





Sigma Phi Epsilon Directory

Founded at Richmond College 1901

Colors :

Purple and Red

Flower :

American Beauty

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.

Gamma—Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.

Delta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

Beta-Alpha—University of Illinois, Chicago, Illinois.

Gamma-Alpha—Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia.

Gamma-Beta—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, West Va.

Delta-Alpha—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penn.

Delta-Beta—Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Delta-Gamma—Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.

Delta-Delta—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Epsilon-Alpha—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

Eta-Beta—North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, Raleigh,
North Carolina.

Epsilon—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Theta-Alpha—Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.

Theta-Beta—Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio.

Iota-Alpha—Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

Kappa-Alpha—Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York.

Lambda-Alpha—Iowa University, Iowa City, Iowa.

Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity

Delta Chapter

Established June 11, 1904

Chapter Flower:

Red Rose

Yell:

Sic-a-laca! Sic-a-laca!
Sic-a-la-a-sun!
Sigma Phi! Sigma Phi!
Epsilon!

Fratres in Collegio

VIRGINIUS LAND ARNOLD	BENJAMIN COLLINS FLANNAGAN
YATES MIDDLETON BARBER	JOSEPH BRONSON GALE
WAYLAND LEE BEAZLEY	FRANK HERSEY IRVING
JOHN HOLIVID BOWEN	CHARLES FLEETWOOD JAMES
EDWARD WESTRAY CHAPPELL	G. LIVIUS HADDON JOHNSON
CHARLES CLARENCE DURKEE	JOHN YOUNG MASON
BENJAMIN ARCHER WARRINER	

PHI

SIGMA

EPSILON

B. A. WARRINER



J. H. BOWEN



G. H. JOHNSON



W. L. BEAZLEY



V. S. ARNOLD



J. B. GALE



F. H. IRVING



J. Y. MASON



C. F. JAMES



B. C. FLANNIGAN



E. W. CHAPPELL



J. M. BARBER



C. C. DURKEE



DELTA

Love Song

When the years grow old and friends are cold,
And our days are numbered few,
I'll hold you, dear Heart, so none may part
My life and my love for you.

When the morning's past and night at last
Shall gather around our way,
I'll love you, my Sweet, till close we meet
Where the trail grows dim and gray.

When Heaven and earth shall have rebirth
In the days that are to be
My slumber shall break, love reawake
And call you again to me.

O'er the fire of soul desire
Is aflame my dear for you.
Though other may die as years go by,
Forever my own is true.

Forever, my Love, as God's above,
So long as the stars shall shine
My passion shall burn, my soul shall yearn
To have you and hold you mine.

—KEITH WILMAR.

Dr. Hall—What is the oldest known language?
E. L. Riddick—Mother Tongue, Sir.

Prof. Crawford—Have any of you ever done any fencing?
Clay—Yes Sir, I have, especially rail.

Wrigglesworth—What course are you taking?
“Doc” Payne—Epidemic, Sir.



Officers:

H. H. YOUNG	President
C. E. KOONTZ	Vice-President
W. H. PETTUS	Recording Secretary
J. B. TERRELL	Corresponding Secretary
H. P. WALL	Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees:

I. T. WILKINSON	Missionary
C. L. EBELL	Bible Study
H. L. WOMACK	Room
E. F. SHEWMAKE, JR.	Sick
C. C. BELL	Membership

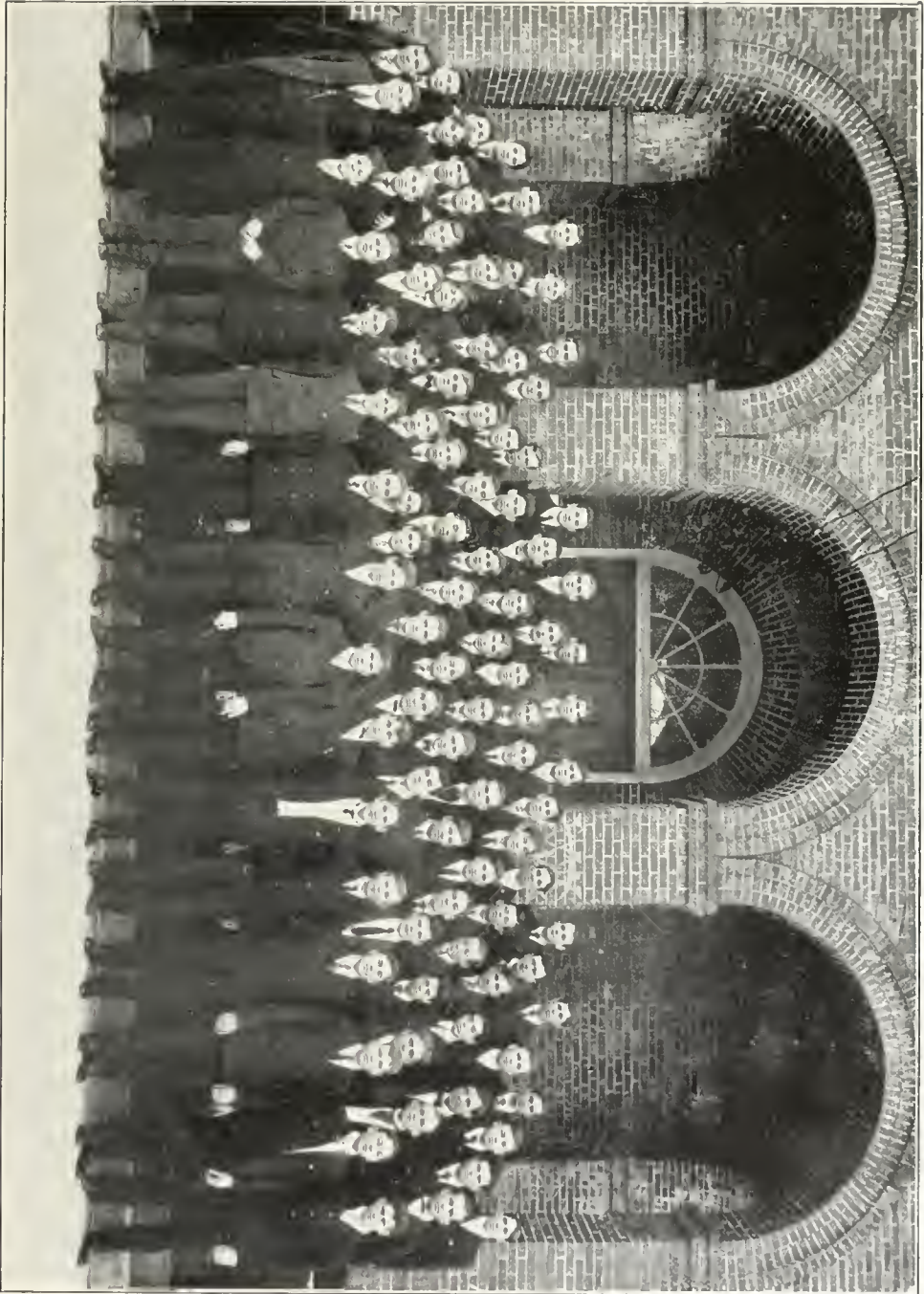
Organization

Friends and Fellow-Students: It is with pleasure that we shall attempt to give to you a brief sketch of the Y. M. C. A. at William and Mary College, and of the work it is doing at present.

The Y. M. C. A. was established at William and Mary during the session 1888-89, with Mr. J. H. Hunter, of Norfolk, as its first president.

The first meetings were held in the College Chapel, but later, through the generosity of a friend in town, the new Association was provided with a very suitable room, which was highly appreciated by all. In the course of several years, the Taliaferro Dormitory was completed, then a room was secured in the Ewell, which was used until the session 1900-01, when we moved to our well-equipped room in the Gymnasium.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to those who have helped to build up our Association during the past years.



Y. M. C. A. GROUP.

The present session opened with many encouragements. Under the leadership of our President, Mr. J. N. Hillman, and the Cabinet, the influence of the Y. M. C. A. was strongly appreciated by all.

One of the most interesting features of the first week of College, was the Y. M. C. A. banquet, at which every phase of College life was presented to the new men.

We have at present one hundred and forty members and one hundred and thirty enrolled in Bible and Mission classes.

We are ably assisted by having Dr. Alex. B. Coffey, of the Faculty, as our Normal Class leader, and Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, Rector Bruton Episcopal Church, as the leader of the Senior Bible Class; and by having Rev. Daniel F. Merritt, Pastor of the Methodist Church, as leader of the Normal Mission Class.

Following our week of prayer, we were visited by Mr. Brown, State College Secretary; and by Mr. Weatherford, College Secretary for the South. On the evenings of November 21, 22, and 23, Mr. Weatherford addressed the Association on the topics of "Sin," "The Student's Source of Power," and "The Glory of a Clean Record." At the close of the last address twenty men took a stand for Christ.

We believe that this visit meant a great spiritual awakening of our student-body.

We were represented by twenty-five men at the State Conference, which convened in Norfolk from February 15th to 18th inclusive; and at the "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," at Nashville from February 28th to March 4th, by Messrs. H. H. Young, H. P. Wall and C. C. Bell. All of these men have shown by their attitude some of the benefits to be derived from such conferences.

Last spring we were represented at the "Southern Student Conference," which meets in North Carolina, by Messrs. I. T. Wilkinson, D. D. Sizer, W. H. Pettus, and H. H. Young. These men have been very energetic in their Y. M. C. A. work this session. We wish to increase our delegation this spring.

One of the greatest blessings that our Association enjoys, is the privilege of having the several members of the Faculty and ministers of the town to address it, and to keep before us the great underlying principles of the Christian Religion.

My Soul

I know not where, nor when, nor how, nor why
It came, nor whence, nor how it shall depart,
Nor why it stays to joy and grief and vie
With other men's desires, and throwing me athwart
The awful conflict, midst life's fearful fight,
Bids me, by grim and gruesome toil and strife,
With nothing sure, each step in obscure light,
To gain, I know not what, in giving life.
But yet I know in all these darksome days
In which I toil, for what unknown and why,
This inner self, with wise and watchful eye,
Guides me along the dark and fearful ways.
Then, though I cannot see and know my soul,
I'll trust by faith and toil to make it whole.

—J. A. CARSON.

L' Absintheur

Oh! drink to the Goddess Absinthe,
Oh! let the goblets clink,
Oh! drain the glasses to the dregs,
Drink, man, drink!

You ask my story, *mon ami*,
What drove me mad perchance,
Then list to a tale of horror,
A terrible romance.

I was not always a pauper,
I once had wealth untold
Till Goddess Absinthe claimed me,
Then I gave up the gold.

You ask me what drove me to madness
My lips Absinthe kissed,
The Soul is against Absinthe
Powerless to resist.

In my youth I loved a maiden,
Her name, ah! 'twas Pauline,
I loved her, God! how I loved her;
A fairer ne'er had been.

And when one eve we were sitting
Down by the river side
I told her my love, she promised
Some day to be my bride.

There came from Paris another
Who tempted her, and—well,
Like many others, she loved him
Like many, 'nother—fell.

In the dead of night she met him
Beneath the yellow moon,
Adown where the gentle river
Murmured a quiet tune.

It happened I too was strolling
Once by the river side,
Thinking with joy, on the morrow
Pauline would be my bride.

Then from where a clump of birches
Were swaying to and fro
Methought that I heard two voices
Whispering soft and low.

As I drew nearer the birches,
The clump of trees beside,
As a ship upon the ocean
A skiff rocked on the tide.

I stole up with noiseless footsteps
Until I reached the place,
Oh God! my bride of the morrow
Wrapped in 'nother's embrace.

They, being happy and joyful,
Heard not my cautious tread;
Close to the breast of her lover
Was pressed the golden head.

In my heart the pent-up passion
Burned as the fires of hell
As I gazed upon that embrace,
That lingering farewell.

I could stand the sight no longer,
Murder was in my heart.
I sprang from behind the birches
And tore the two apart.

Then rushing upon her lover
I grasped him by the throat,
And bore him backward step by step
Until we reached the boat.

He fought full well, for he was strong;
He was fighting for his life—
But ah! his eyes filled with despair,
I poised on high a knife.

And with an oath I drove it home,
Buried it in his heart,
And watched with frenzied, wild delight
The crimson life-blood start.

Then with the death-look in his eyes
He raised his drooping head,
Uttered a cry, one word, Pauline,
Sank in his life-blood, dead.

I turned and looked, there Pauline stood
As started from a dream,
She gave one cry, a maniac's shriek
And plunged into the stream.

I watched her sink and disappear I cared not for her fate, The love I bore one hour before Had turned to loathsome hate,	Yes, she was missed, both lifeless forms Were found at dewy morn, He in a pool of clotted gore She drowned and all forlorn,
I told them what I thought, that he Had plunged her in the tide Then drove his dagger in his heart, Committing suicide.	
And every one believed the tale, No one suspected I Had drawn the life-blood from his heart And caused Pauline to die,	Her gray-haired father, bowed with grief, At last heart-broken died, And soon the feeble mother too Was lowered by their side.
Long years passed on and grim Remorse Kept gnawing at my mind, I drained the wine glass to the dregs, A solace there to find.	
But when at night I closed my lids I'd hear a maniac's scream, I'd see a form with arms outstretched Go plunging in the stream.	I'd see a tiny pleasure boat, And close beside the flood A bloody corpse, while from my hands Slow dripped the warm life-blood.
Then with a cry of fear I'd start From out my troubled sleep, Imagining around my bed I saw grim spectres creep.	
I tremble at each little sound But now Absinthe's charm Has soothed my nerves, my tortured brain Is freed from all alarm.	And when my father found I drank Absinthe, from his door He bade me go, and to return Unto his house no more.
But what care I for home and friends? Absinthe's love is mine; I have no God, I need none since I worship at her shrine.	
I know no law, respect no man, I recognize no queen; The ruler I pay homage to Is she of emerald green.	I care not for a woman's love, Love I have had before, Give me Absinthe when I thirst, I ask for nothing more.
And here I live, at night I creep Forth from my den to steal, Or even murder, when I'm paid, Remorse I never feel.	
I aid and beckon souls to vice And then whenever I can, I draw down to the brink of ruin Some weak and youthful man.	And once I thought I'd end my life But lately I have grown To shudder at a future life Passed in a great unknown.
You have the story of my life, A horrid tale, 'tis true But since you asked, I thought it might Be interesting to you.	
And if it <i>has</i> been, <i>mon ami</i> , Give me a franc or two To drink unto my Goddess' health, Absinthe and to you.	Oh! drink to Goddess Absinthe, Oh! let the goblets clink, Oh! drain the glasses to the dregs, Drink, man, drink!

—LUTHER CAMPBELL LINDSLEY.



Moonlight on the York

For this the River York: and the proud state
Of Old Virginia; and the tune
Of nuptial bliss, whispered by stars that mate
In wedlock, paying homage to the moon;
For the long line of darkening shores so calm,
Where trod the noble men of olden time,
Who cleared away that we might wear the palm
Of honor in our most beloved clime;
For the character that thou gav'st this folk
And that thou mad'st them follow in the right,
We humbly thank Thee, Father, and invoke
Thy gracious blessing on our land to-night,
Teach us to love Thee more, dear God, and then
To serve Virginia faithfully—Amen.

Colonial Football Game

It was my first year at college, the night before my first examination on American History. I had studied till a late hour, cramming my head full of historical facts, which I thought would be much needed on the morrow. I soon found that cramming was no light task, and, after a few hours of this tiresome work, I felt the need of rest. Looking at my watch, I found that it lacked only a few minutes till midnight. Thinking that a little walk in the open air would furnish the necessary rest, I took my hat and passed out upon the campus.

The night was an ideal one. The full moon, behind a bank of white fleecy clouds, was shedding a pale soft light o'er the landscape below. The noise of the little town had ceased, and there was no audible sound to mar the stillness of the night, save the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops overhead, accompanied by the distant hoot of a lonesome owl, calling to his mate in the pine forest far out beyond.

Tired of rambling, I seated myself upon a campus bench near the statue of Botetourt, and, as I sat there in the moonlight, gazing upon that quaint old piece of statuary, my thoughts ran back to the early history of our country. I was thinking of those times that tried men's souls. I was thinking of those men whose souls had been tried, and had proved themselves equal to the occasion; men who had been instrumental in making this great nation of ours a possibility; men whose deeds are recorded upon the pages of history, and whose memory is kept green by epitaphs, carved upon marble slabs, raised by posterity as tributes to the departed.

As I sat there, thinking that perhaps, if the spirit of departed souls ever returned to earth, I might be at that moment in the presence of many who had returned to pay a visit to their Alma Mater, my train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a light touch on my shoulder, which brought me quickly to my feet to find myself in the presence of a very peculiar personage, clad in a long white flowing robe, unlike anything I had ever seen before. A chill ran up my spine to the top of my head and stood every hair on its end. I first thought I would address it, but I was speechless. My next thought was to run, but I found that my legs were too weak to support my body in a race; so I seated myself and waited. I did not have to wait very long, for it soon broke the silence and in a shrill voice addressed me. It asked me if I knew anything about the game of football, and, being proud of my football knowledge, I answered it in the affirmative. It remained silent for a few moments, then moved off, beckoning me to follow, and, having heard that it was bad luck to cross a spirit, I obeyed. It led me to the football ground, back of the College, and left me as suddenly as it had appeared.

I was alone and bewildered, but, thinking of my unfinished history lesson, I decided to return to my work. As I passed the College on the way back to my room, I was intercepted by a band of spooky looking figures, issuing from the vaults beneath the old College, where the remains of some of our old heroes had been interred. I soon recognized among the band my former companion, who motioned me to follow. He led me again to the spot where he had left me only a short time before, and asked me to referee the game. I was afraid to refuse and began by calling the game. The figures separated and took their places upon the field. I was somewhat at a loss to know what they were going to do for a ball, but, as I didn't care to ask any questions, I took my place and asked the figures if they were ready. Both sides nodded their heads, and I yelled, "Play ball," and whistled through my fingers for the signal. One of the figures disappeared for a moment, but soon returned with a very curious looking object, which I recognized as an old-fashioned bomb. He placed it on the ground in the middle of the field, and, striking a match, lit the fuse. It soon kicked off in the direction of the opposing side.

I was very much rattled in the beginning of the game, but recovered enough, by the time the smoke of the kick-off had cleared away, to yell "First down," and found, to my surprise, that there were several of the opposing side down never to rise again. The truth now flashed upon me, and I realized, for the first time, that I was refereeing a modern football game between spooks of the Revolution.

General Howe received the ball on the Boston line and returned it to the Bunker Hill line, where he was downed by General Prescott. Howe tried first to advance the ball by bucking the line, but was thrown for a loss of two yards. He tried the American line a second time, but the Americans held. Seeing that he had seven yards to gain, he tried a mass play over right tackle and succeeded in sending his full back through for ten yards. In the last few downs several of Howe's men were knocked out; so he called for time. During the intermission, while Howe was getting his team together, Washington arrived and took charge of the American team.

When time was up and the whistle sounded, Howe, not caring to try the American line again, kicked. Washington received the kick, and with good interference succeeded in carrying the ball back to the Boston line where Howe had received the kick-off in the beginning of the game. The Americans slowly carried the ball down the field to the New York line where it went over on downs. The British, at this point of the game, made a desperate effort to break through the American line at Harlem Heights, but was thrown for a loss. Howe's next attempt was an end run, which he made good by sending his half back around left end for a gain to the White Plains line. Howe again adopted the hammering act and succeeded by slow steady gains in advancing the ball to the North Castle line. Howe next sent his half back around right end for a gain to the Fort Washington

line. In the next down General Charles Lee, the American right tackle, failed to take his place in the line, thus allowing the British another gain to the Delaware line near the American goal. In the following down, the British would have carried the ball over for a touchdown had it not been for Washington's pretty work on the Trenton line, where he knocked the breath out of Rahl, who fumbled, allowing the Americans to get possession of the ball. Cornwallis was substituted for Rahl. Washington tried a fake kick and sent his full back around Cornwallis's end and over the goal line at Princeton for the first touchdown. Washington kicked goal, making the score 6 to 0 in favor of the Americans. Time was soon called and the first half was over. Washington gathered his team together on the side line at Morristown in order to coach them for the next half. The British team gathered further down the line at New York, and laid their plans to defeat the Americans in the next half.

The second half began by General Burgoyne kicking off to the Americans, who returned the ball to the Ticonderoga line where it went over on downs. The beginning of the second half looked rather blue for the Americans. The British were steadily advancing the ball towards the Americans' goal line, and everything looked bright for a tie in the score. The Americans took a brace on the Stillwater line, and the steady advance of the British team was checked. The British tried a double pass from Berryman to Baum, but this proved unsuccessful, for as soon as Baum had received the ball from Berryman, Stark broke through the line and downed him in his tracks on the Bennington line. Burgoyne made two strong attempts to break through the American line for a touchdown, but both attempts were failures and the ball went over on the Saratoga line. The loss of the ball at this point of the game was a great blow to the British, while it stirred up the Americans to play ball. Washington now put in the game some new players which he had hired from France. With the aid of his new players, he succeeded in carrying the ball down the field to the New Port line where he lost it on downs. The British whose goal was in danger kicked, and General Wayne received the ball on the Stony Point line. The Americans had things going their own way for awhile, and in all probability, would have made another touchdown had it not been for General Gates trying to make a drop kick for goal from the Camden line. His kick was blocked, and Cornwallis, getting possession of the ball, ran the whole length of the field for his first touchdown. Cornwallis kicked goal, thus tying the score. There was only about ten minutes left to play. The prospects looked rather gloomy for the Americans, for they had just been informed that Benedict Arnold had given away their signals. The Americans got together and decided that something would have to be done or they would lose the game. They knew they would not have time to get up a new code of signals, so they decided, as a last resort, to use the old code in a reversed order. The British kicked off, and Colonel Shelby received

the ball on the King's Mountain line, and with a strong interference, composed of Colonels Campbell, Sevier, and Williams, succeeded in returning the ball several yards before he was downed. Greene lined his men up and called 25—36—42—51—etc., which the British recognized as Morgan's old signal to go around left end, and when the ball was passed the whole British team made a dash for left end to stop him, but, to their great surprise, Morgan did not come that way, but shot around right end, and, being the best runner on the team, he was not downed until he had reached the Virginia line near the enemies' goal. There being only three minutes to play, the Americans braced themselves for a touchdown. They adopted the hammering act, and, after a few hard line bucks around Yorktown, succeeded in breaking through for their second and last touchdown. Washington allowed General Lincoln to kick the goal, which was a success, making the score 12 to 6 in favor of the Americans. Time was called before another kick off could be made, and the figures immediately disappeared, leaving me alone on the field. As I was thinking of my strange adventure, I suddenly awoke and found myself, not upon the football field, but seated upon a campus bench in the shadow of the old statue where I had fallen asleep and had dreamed a dream.

BILL WHEELDE.



April's Story

All the earth is glad that April's here,
And all the birds are singing,
Wildly, rarely well, and far and near,
With all the copses ringing.

O'er the hills the od'rous breezes play;
Above the clouds are flying.
Sprung to life within an April day
Up leaps the grass, low lying.

Hark! th' ecstatic thrills that hither run
From all dear nature's voices.
Look! the blossoms lift toward the sun —
Ah! love, my heart rejoices.

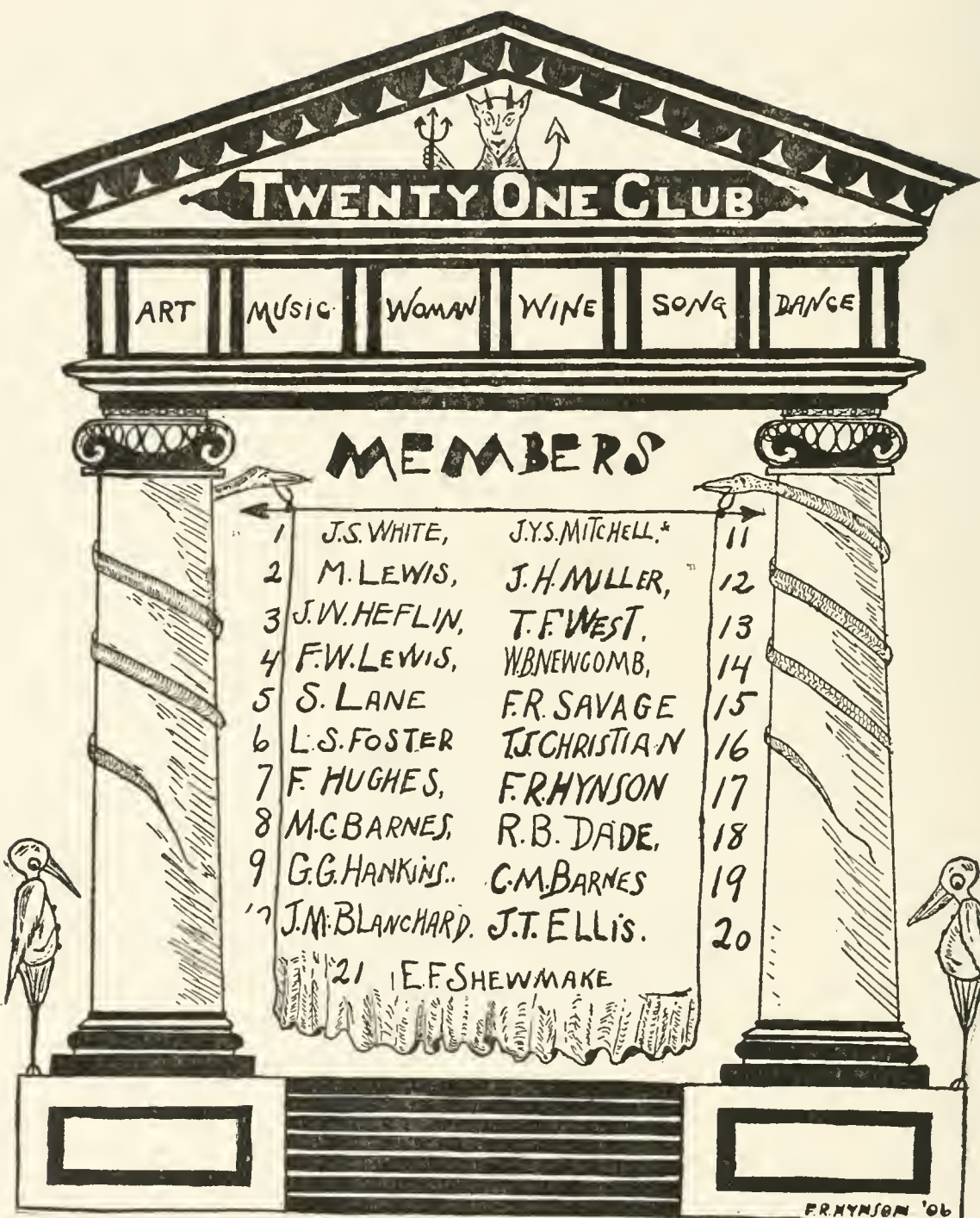
Winter's shadows troop afar away,
As April comes adorning.
Ah, the sweetness of the April day,
The gladness of the morning!

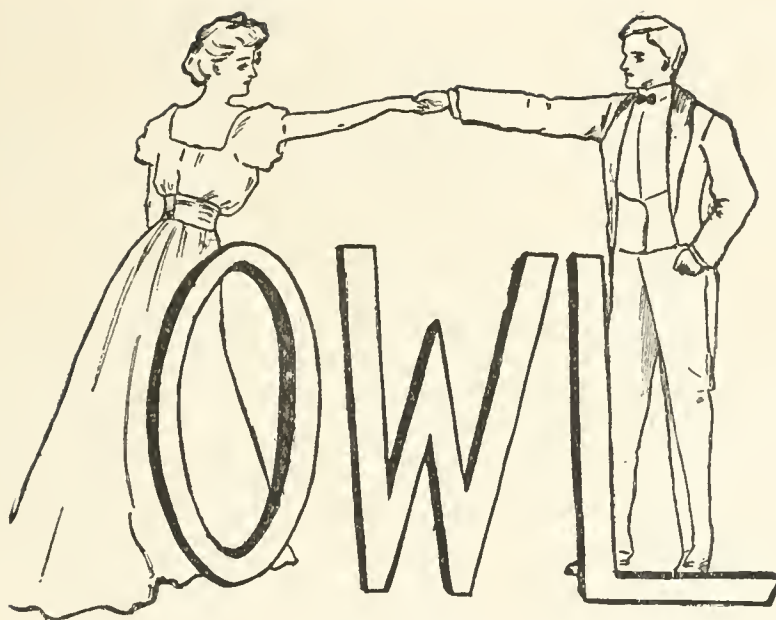
In the lane the hedges seem afire,
With little flame tips gleaming;
In my heart there grows the old desire—
The half-forgotten yearning.

O'er the trellis climbs the am'rous vine,
With sprig and leaflet turning.
Ev'ry tendril, ev'ry dew-wet bud a sign
That life is more than seeming.

Come, my Love, and wander in the lane,
All decked in new-found glory;
Listen to the lark that sings again
His song of April's story.

—KEITH WILMER.





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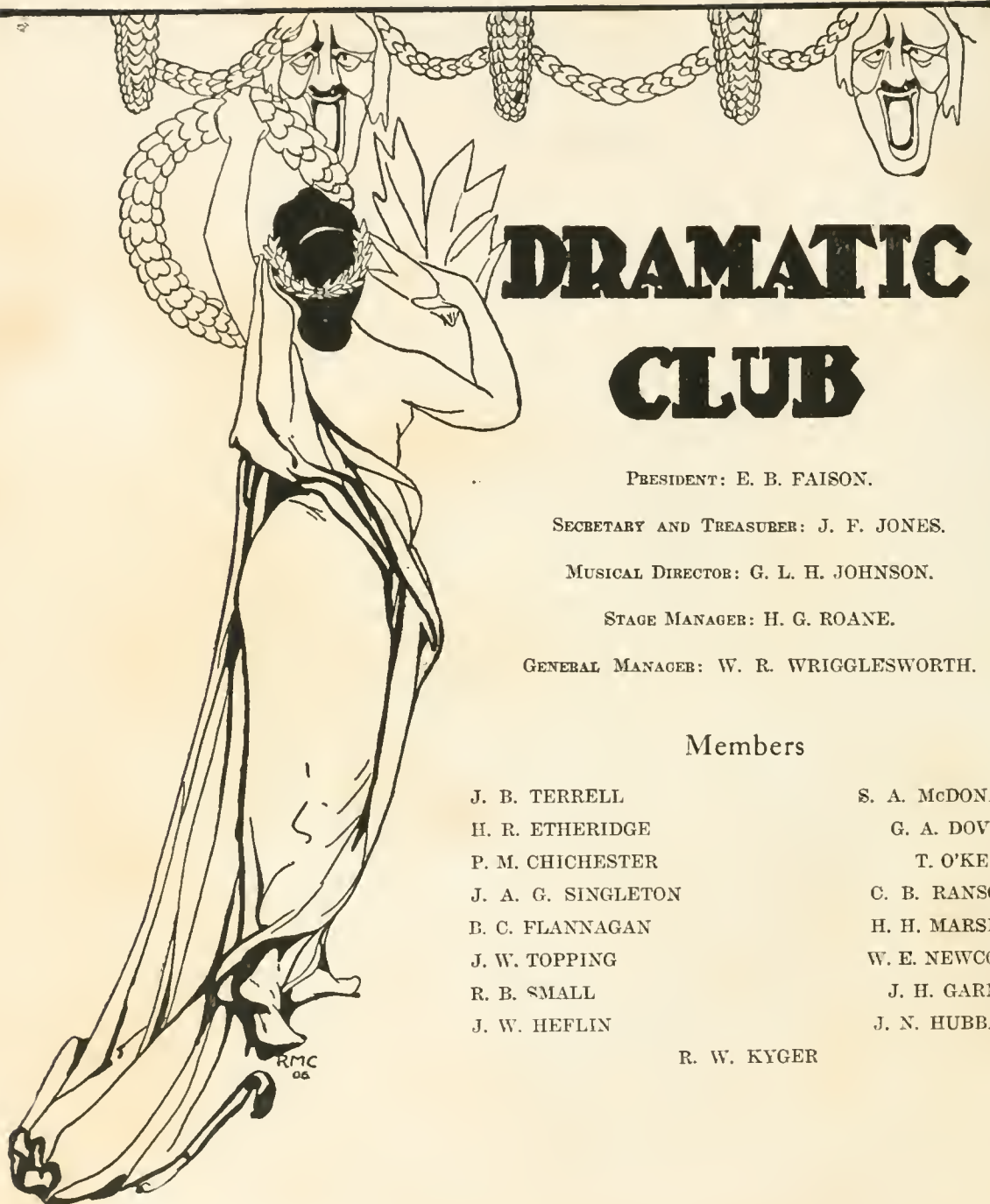
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To Maude

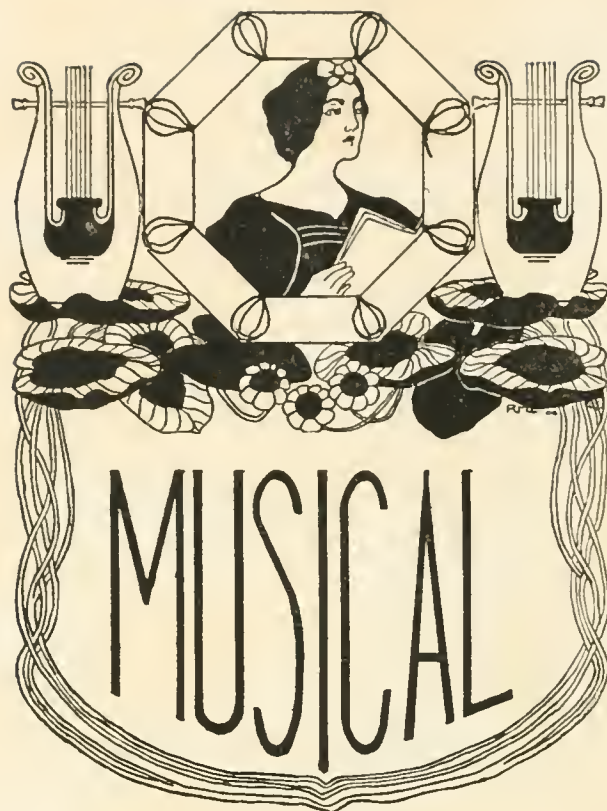
There was a time, in all remembrance one,
When galling thoughts of human weakness came,
When love in all the world and life seemed gone,
And beauty, truth and friendship but a name.
Then life was one long waste of weary woe,
And every thought as wormwood, bitter gall,
No ray of joy and gladness, streaming through,
Made easy, soft and light life's heavy thrall.
Then came thy smile, endearing all around,
With something of its old and primal grace,
While truth and beauty beaming from thy face,
Made all the world in sweetest joy abound.
Thy love to me makes short life's rugged road,
And lightens half the drear and heavy load.

—O. G. TUNSTALL.

On the Singing of a Song

Long years ago in mystic olden days,
Upon an isle in the Agean sea,
Where Sappho sang her wild and witching lays
Unto the Goddess born Aphrodite,
The silver-voiced Sirens oft did raise
Their sweet and thrilling notes alluringly,
And those who heard burst out in rapturous praise,
And steered upon the rocks unknowingly;
Their souls were charmed by the Sirens' song;
Reckless to life they dashed to death headlong.
And when, Oh Love! I listen to thy voice
My soul with thine far heav'nward takes its flight,
Mingling with thine, seems ever to rejoice
Swayed ever by a strange and sweet delight.
My soul is thrilled and charmed by thy song
And a voice like thine to angels must belong.

—LUTHER C. LINDSLEY.



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Sulfrage
Gwalney
Dade

TALLAHERRO TRIBE

MOTTO: Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you

Colors: Purple and White

Flower: Goldenrod

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT: Due Dance

SONG: "Hike Along"

OFFICERS: Dade, President; S. A. McDonald, Vice-President; L. T. Wilkinson, Secretary; "Fatdy" Roby, Mascot; "Mary" Wilkinson, 1st Floor Ward Tender; "Billy" Wrigglesworth, 2nd Floor Ward Tender; Boney, Str., 3rd Floor Ward Tender.



Quiyoughquissok, let thy restless heart be steady,
 Yea, the Huskanawing is close at hand,
 Look! a score of warriors are standing ready
 To torture the paleface and join this band.
 Yea, Okee we burn to Thee, this bloody heart,
 This scalp, this skull, this naked eye;
 Hark! a twig did crack, we must start.
 Hurry! torture the paleface, let him die!
 Look! a shadow stole behind a tree,
 Your tomahawks! Look! see a rifle glare?

His heart-strings we'll give to Thee, Okee
 If a paleface is caught lurking there.
 Bang, whoowah! whoowah! his blood! his lock!
 His teeth! his finger tips! his eye
 Shall be lashed to our Chieftan's frock
 As we lash "The white" to the stake to die.
 Yea, before he burns, let him see
 That no paleface shall rule our tribe,
 We shall always worship Thee, Okee.
 In the Brafferton where we abide.

—G. FRED HOLMES.

Whoop

Matanerew, Shastrashewaw, Ewango, P'echecoma;
 Whe! Whe! Yah! Ha, ha, Nehe! Wittowa! Wittowa!

Officers

Great Werowance.....	H. L. WOMACK
Werowance of the Bombastu.....	J. T. WHITLEY
Werowance of the Figauss.....	G. F. SOMERS
Werowance of the Sycorax.....	G. F. HOLMES
Quiyoughquissok.....	C. B. RANSONE
Cronockoe of the Bombastu.....	M. P. DILLARD
Cronockoe of the Figauss.....	W. J. BURRUSS
Cronockoe of the Sycorax.....	J. C. COLVIN



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Ewell Club

Motto:

"Let not ambition mock our useful toil."

Song:

"Auld Lang Syne."

Colors:

Sky Blue and Snow White.

Emblem:

Skull and Cross Bones.

Pastime:

Sporting "Calico."

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Chaplain



TRENTONIAN SOCIAL CLUB

MOTTO : "Let your own discretion be your tutor."

COLORS : Green and White

FLOWER : White Carnation

FAVORITE SONG : "I hates to get up early in the morning."

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT : Loafing

OTHERS :

Campbell
Edgeridge
Flournoy
Goodwin
Hening
Hinton, "Big"
Marsden
Newcomb
Riddick
Sternbrough
Thomson
Zachary



The Liars

"To be honest as the world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

Prince of Liars	HUBBARD
Good-natured Prevaricator	FULFORD
Truth Stretcher	ZACHARY
Habitual Exaggerator	MARSDEN
Natural Born Liar	BERRY
Eloquent Liar	BOZARTH

*"With a little circumspection,
You can sure defy detection."*

The Span o' Life

I.

When Tommy was born the skies were blue.
The air was soft and sweet with dew,
The birds sang with ecstatic joy,
In honor of "Tommy the Baby Boy."



II.

He soon left home and his mother dear,
To learn to smoke, play ball, and cheer.
He then "played hearts" with a maiden coy.
Hip! hip! for "Tommy the College boy!"



III.

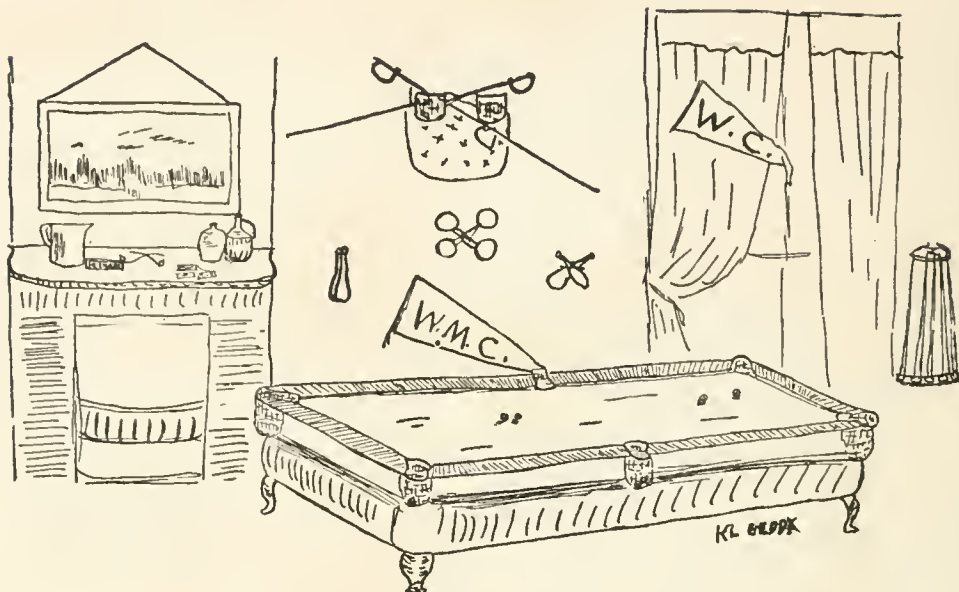
After a few short years or more,
We find him leaving a certain store
And in his hands—ye gods, a toy!
He's married? Oh yes that's "Tom, Dear Boy."



IV.

Should you take a peep through the nursery door
You'd find "Dear Tom" all over the floor.
Sh! come away, you mustn't annoy,
He's playing with "Tommy the Baby Boy."

THE WILLIAMSBURG CLUB



Color :
Heavenly Blue

Song :
"The Night is Coming"

We are good, we love our teachers. They love us. We study hard. We never do bad things. Bad boys do bad things, and we are good. You ask anybody.

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CYRUS HANKINS Miss
C. M. HALL The Mould of Form
J. L. HALL, Jr. The Glass of Fashion
GEORGE DURFEY The only bad boy
R. E. HENLEY Bank Building Inspector
ALEC HOWARD The Local Otion Leader
JOE MEADE The Rolling Stone
FRANCIS O'KEEFE Bent with aged corns
PARSLEY The Melodious Tenor
C. J. PERSON Editor News-Leader
PAUL STRIKER The Apostle
CLAUDE WOLFE Beef Slayer
H. F. WYNKOOP Fancy handler of the cue



SCENE OF WILLAMSBURG FROM COTTAGE GREEN.



SITE OF OLD COLONIAL CAPITOL, WILLAMSBURG.



NORFOLK CLUB

“ 'Tis true 't is pity,
And pity 't is, 't is true.”

FLOYD HUGHES, JR.

ROBERT M. PERKINS

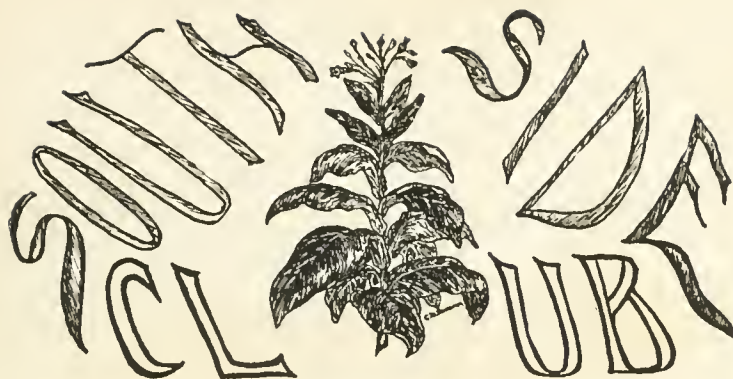
HERBERT N. TUCKER

HERBERT E. ETHERIDGE

ROBERT W. GALT

J. Y. S. MITCHELL, JR.

CLYDE SIMPSON



Motto :

"Do others before they do you."

Colors :

Gold and Silver.

Flowers :

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Drinks :

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Pastime :

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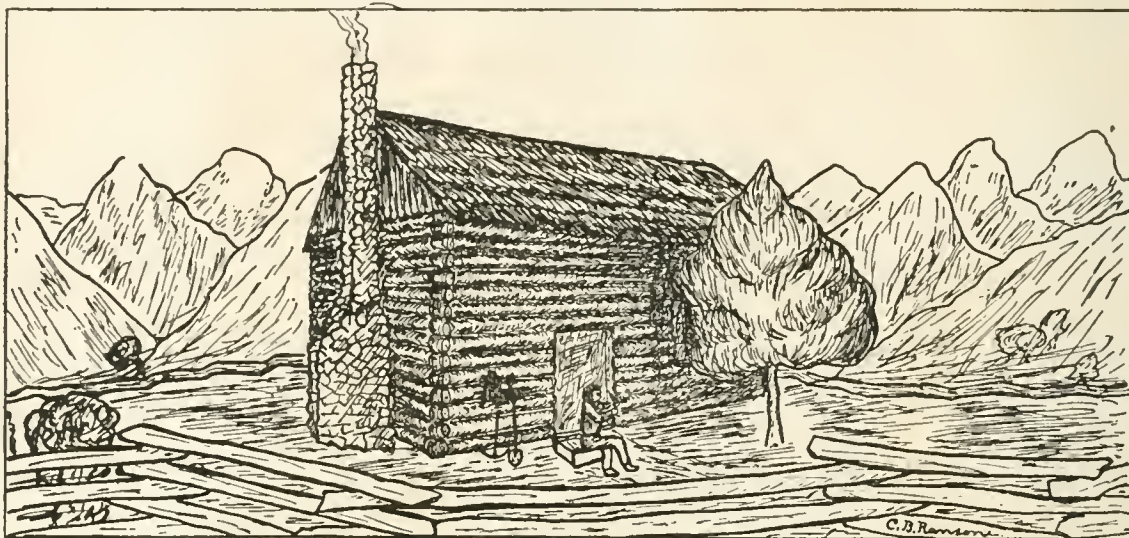
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"All to the West!"

Colors :
Blue and Gray.

Favorite Pastime :
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Drink :
"Moonshine."

Song :
"Sweetheart May."

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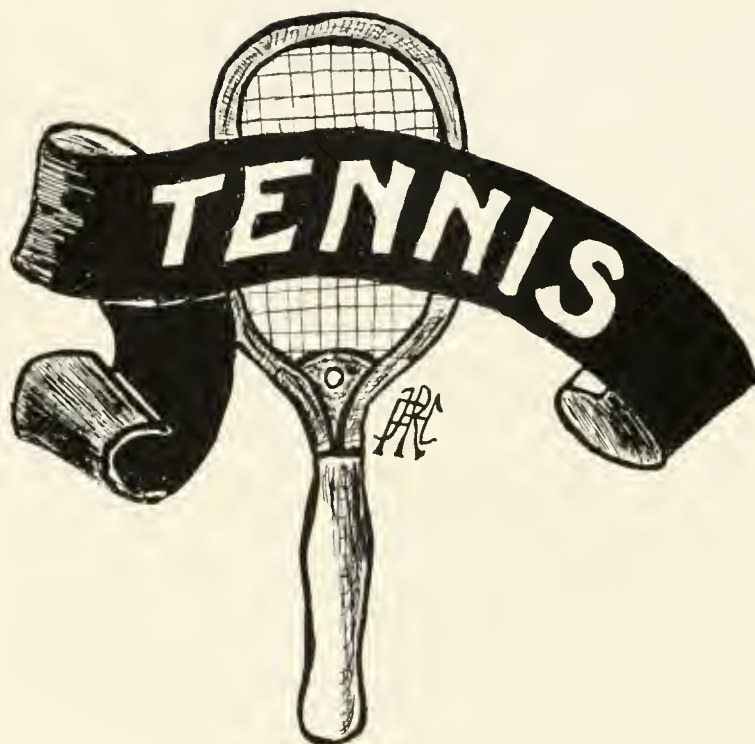
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I'd rather be a dog, and bay at the moon, than such a man.

The Consumers

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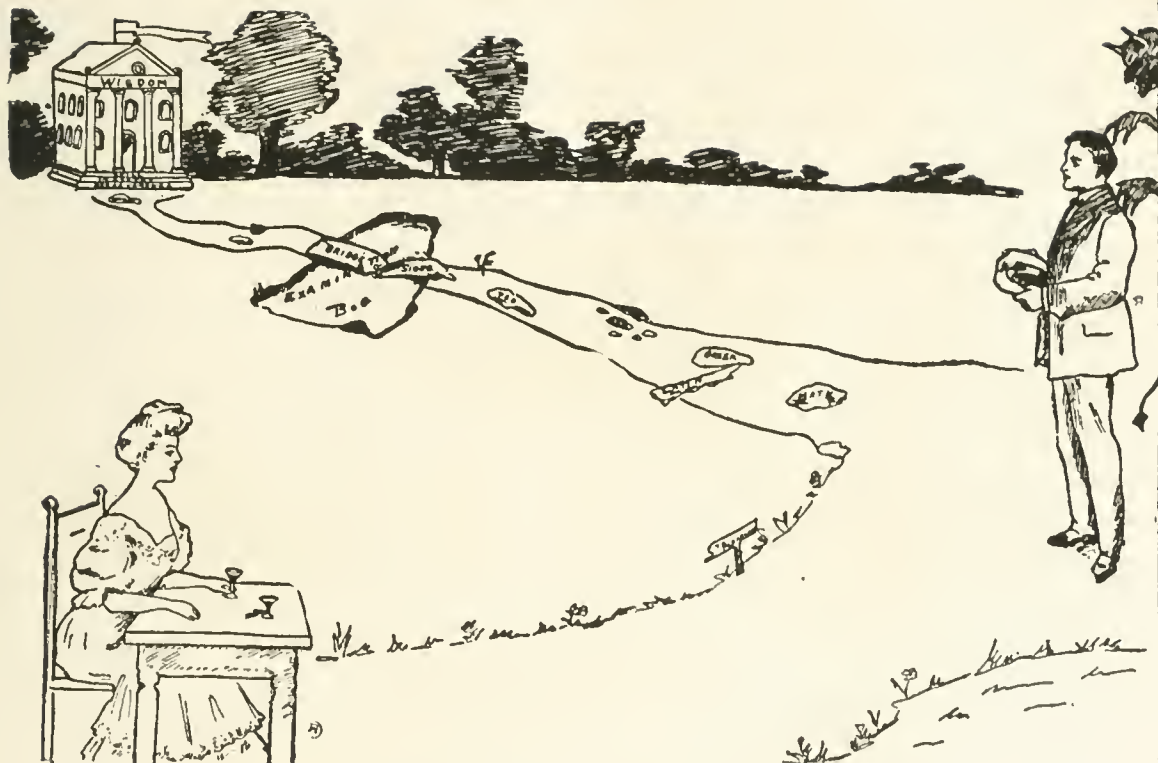
"Lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first cries: 'Hold, enough!'"

Major Hog	BUMPASS
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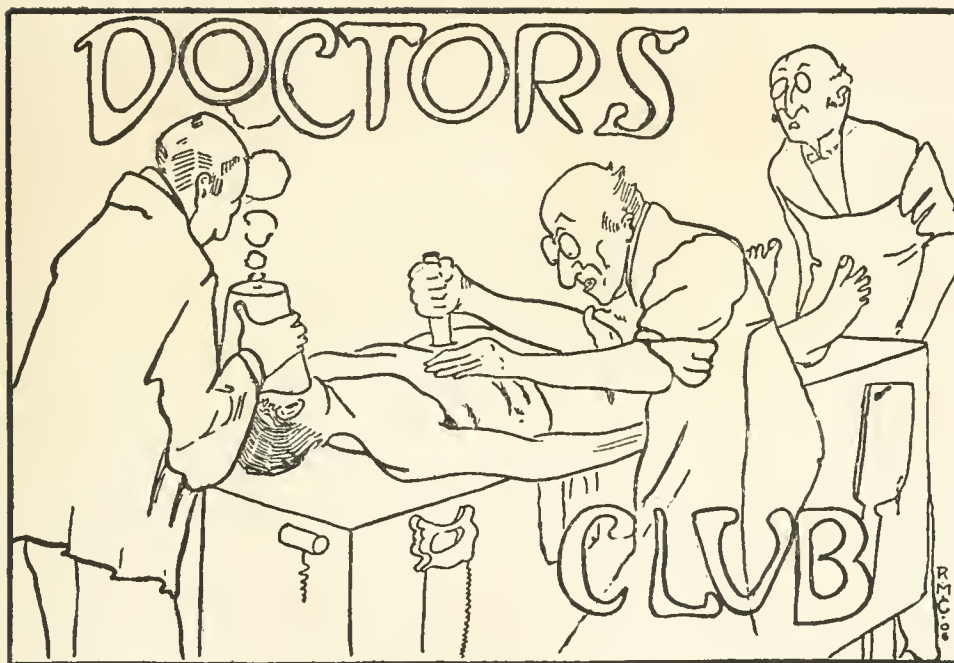
"He loves not wisely, but too well."—Hillman.

"O, sisters three, come, come to me."—Durkee.

O piteous spectacle!—Haynie.



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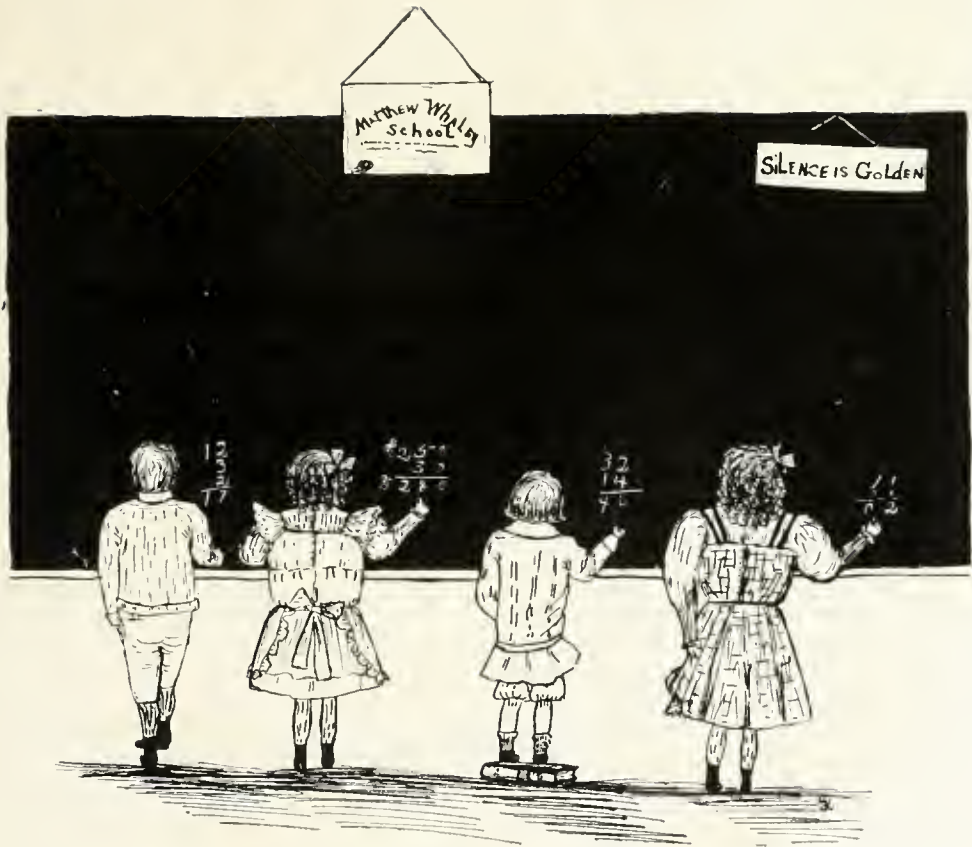
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A fragrance of some forest, deep and lone;
A memory of some long-lost happy day
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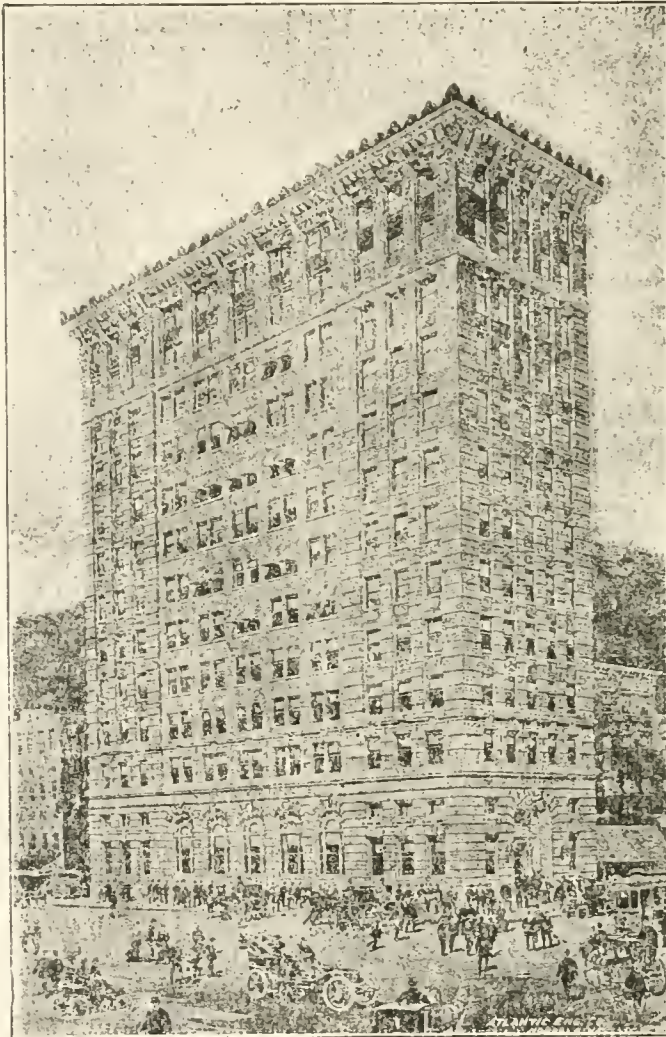
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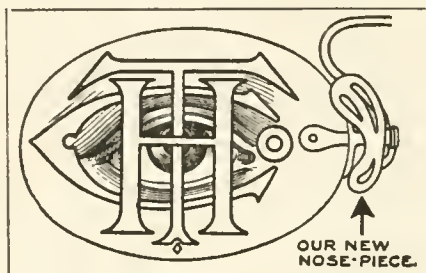
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